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Personal Mention

Leon Dennen was born in New York City and studied in universities here and abroad. He recently returned to the United States from an eight month's rescue mission in Egypt, Turkey, Palestine, and the Balkans. He is the author of Where the Ghetto Ends and translated David J. Dallin's Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy.

▶ Pfc. Joe Dever is the winner of the second prize in the short story contest sponsored by the Catholic Press Association. His winning story, A Tree Grows Everywhere, will appear in a later issue of The Sign. Last spring he won the short story contest run by Yank, The Army Weekly, for GI's all over the globe. Pfc. Dever graduated from Boston College in '42.

▶ Richard A. Greene is a native Hoosier, born in Richmond, Indiana, a present resident of Muncie. Mr. Greene was educated at Ball State Teachers College and the University of Notre Dame. For eighteen years he was busy in the field of journalism as reporter, photographer, and editor. At present he is engaged in industrial relations work.

▶ Rev. Aloysius McDonough, C.P., begins a new series of articles on the Passion of Christ. A native of Boston, Fr. McDonough received his doctorate in sacred theology at the Angelico in Rome. He has been a professor of dogma for the last decade and a half. He is the author of Jesus Christ, the Divine Bridge Builder, Grace, the Divine Vitamin of the Human Soul, etc.

▶ Richard Pattee, head of the Latin-American Section of the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations from 1938 to 1943, was born in Arizona and educated in America, Portugal, and Belgium. At present he is engaged in lecturing and writing on Inter-American Affairs.

Abigail Quigley is a professor of English literature at the College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota. The setting of her story, Excursion Day, is her native river "bottom" and bluff country of the Mississippi, the Chippewa, and the Zumbro Rivers. Miss Quigley has appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, Commonweal, etc.

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Editorial

The Only Safe Guide

AS the American armies drove across Germany they discovered irrefutable evidence of atrocities that shocked the civilized world. Victims of Nazi hatred had been subjected to wanton and bestial cruelty on an almost unimaginable scale.

The surprise would have been considerably less if the matter had been given a little more thought. After all, what could one expect from the Nazis? They were applying their principles logically, and their principles were the very antithesis of the Christian moral code to which we hold.

As could be expected, there were instant and insistent demands that the guilty be punished. No one in his right mind could question the justice and wisdom of seeking out and punishing all who are in any way guilty. To do otherwise would be to condone the crimes committed.

BUT the reaction was not always so healthy. Major George Fielding Eliot, for instance, in his syndicated column advocated "that a proclamation should be made to the German people that wherever it is discovered, after the date of the proclamation, that an American prisoner of war has been murdered, or has died of starvation or ill-treatment in any German prison camp, the German town nearest to the camp shall be razed and a number of its male inhabitants, equivalent to the number of murdered American prisoners, shall be executed. In these reprisal executions we should begin with the burgomaster, councilors, and other civil officials, including, of course, any Nazi party bosses we can lay hands on. Other persons of influence, such as retired army officers, should be high on such a list."

Now that is Nazism pure and simple. Herr Goebbels in his heyday could not have stated it better. It is an application of the principle that the end justifies the means. This is the principle by which the Nazis justified their brutality and their contempt for human rights and life.

THE syndicated Major is not alone in following the Nazi line of reasoning. In an editorial elegantly entitled "You can cook 'em quicker with gas," the New York Daily News asks "why hesitate any longer to use poison gas on the Japs?" and answers its own

question by saying: "We should use every weapon that promises to get the results we are after."

These are not isolated instances. There is a widespread though unconscious acceptance of the principle that the end justifies the means. Many Americans fall back on it to justify saturation bombing. It will shorten the war and save American lives, therefore it is right to burn and blast entire cities, directly killing thousands of civilian inhabitants. the Ste

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issue

Another justification for certain actions is that the Nazis did it first. It was right to annihilate German cities because the Nazis bombed Warsaw, Rotterdam, and London; German prisoners of war should be punished because American prisoners of war in Germany were maltreated; German slave labor should be used by the United Nations because the Nazis used slave labor. If imitation is the highest praise, then the Nazis should feel flattered that so many Americans are following their lead.

WE are living in a world whose moral atmosphere is saturated with the poison of totalitarian principles. We have conquered the Nazi military might on the field of battle, but the Nazi ideas are far from dead. Furthermore we are closely allied to Soviet Russia whose Communist ideology is as vicious as Nazism and just as hostile to our Christian mode of life and thought.

It would be alarmist to say that we are in any immediate danger of descending to the moral depths to which the totalitarians have sunk, but there is evidence that we are being infected by their false and alien ideas. We are forgetting or by-passing some of the Christian moral principles which have guided our actions in the past.

This is a good time for us Americans to examine our consciences and to adjust correctly the scale in which we weigh our deeds. There is grave danger that in the passions and hatreds engendered by war we shall act contrary to that Christian moral code which is our only safe guide.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

FACTAND COMMENT

Hitler and

Mussolini

by midafternoon of April 25th the Opera House in San Frantico was crowded. A band began to play. People stood for the Star Spangled Banner and were agog to hear the dulcet

impropriety of Lover, Come Back To Me. By the time the band played its final number, The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise, the galleries were find-

the Beginning

ing it difficult to suppress their wry amusement. At 4:30 secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., struck his gavel three times. The first plenary session of the United Nations Conference on World Organization was convened. There was no public invocation of divine guidance. The speeches began. For a second time the nations of the world embarked on a joint voyage in search of international unity, the only hope against recurrent war.

It was a bad beginning. Had not the war news from Europe been so heartening and so compelling, there would almost certainly have been less optimism among the delegates. As it was, widespread dismay settled on the conference over the issues created by Soviet Foreign Minister Viacheslav Molotov's cudely blunt diplomacy. There were consternation and puzhement over just what the aims of Russia are. On the other hand, there was undisguised glee over Britain and America's refusal to admit the Lublin Poles to the conference. And there was dangerously disruptive talk about the "defeat" the Russian delegates sustained over the scating of Argentina among the United Nations.

hr was a bad beginning because there were two mistakes made before the conference was called. The opening of the conference should have been preceded by a complete under-

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the inalienable right of independent peoples freely to elect their own government is already foredoomed. Because the sponsoring powers did not agree on this principle, the shadow of Poland has haunted the conference.

A second mistake has been the reluctance to subjugate nationalistic security to that broader framework which is world security. The spirit of the various delegates sent to formulate an international charter should not have been one of narrow nationalism, of regional power politics, or of affirmation of the doctrine of the supremely sovereign and absolute state.

The conference began amidst disturbance and tension. The initial jockeying for place among the nations gave way to the real business contemplated. It is now evident that the product of San Francisco will be a document based on the facts of power rather than moral rights. Through the various amendments added to the Dumbarton Oaks charter the idea of justice has been liberally sprinkled hither and yon. It is

not too presumptuous to hope that these ideas of moral power will act as a leaven that will permeate in time the whole United Nations organization once peace is made and national suspicions allayed. San Francisco has been a start. The goal is nearer, but it is not yet attained.

BENITO MUSSOLINI is dead and most likely so is Adolf Hitler. There was nothing heroic about the end of either. In his own way each had reached the heights, but their careers ter-

minated with the false world they had built crashing around them. If they had gone down fighting in a just cause some meed of respect or even great

honor might follow their memories, but it is quite certain that history will not reverse the verdict passed upon them at the present time.

Hitler and Mussolini were born Catholics, but the Faith had little influence in their lives. Hitler became an out-and-out apostate, renounced the Church of his childhood, and attempted to substitute the pagan worship of blood and race for the worship of God and His Christ. The tragic results are now manifest to all the world.

Mussolini was never an apostate in the sense that he tried to dethrone God, but he failed utterly to live the life of a member of the Catholic Church. His scandalous living was public, and he flouted morality to the very end. In his own way Mussolini respected Catholicism because he thought he could use it to promote his political schemes. Hitler hated Catholicism because he saw it as an obstacle to the spread of his mad pagan teachings. Both had it in their power to do great good for their peoples, but instead they brought ruin and desolation upon them. Their renunciation of God made them forget the limitations of frail humanity, and they became drunk with power. Their final collapse represents the working of the process of retribution even in this world. Their peoples do not mourn them, nor does any part of the civilized world.

It would be fine to believe that with the passage of Hitler and Mussolini from the world's stage the philosophy of the state for which they stood would end. Unfortunately such

will not be the case. The challenge of totalitarianism is with us, and the democracies of the world are now facing the offensive of Soviet totali-

Totalitarianism of the tarianism. Some get over this u

"Democratic"

tarianism. Some get over this unpleasant fact by calling the Soviet brand of totalitarianism "democratic." It is too bad that words do not change facts but leave us with the necessity of facing issues honestly.

The curse of totalitarianism is that it sets up the omnipotent state in the place of God and makes the state the sole source of human rights. Democracy on the other hand can have no other foundation than the recognition of the dignity

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of man as a creature of God, endowed with inalienable rights . given him by the Creator. There can be no logical compromise between these two fundamental positions.

If Soviet totalitarianism is "democratic," how explain that its works show the same attitude toward human dignity as the most rabid application of Nazi totalitarianism? Are we to forget that Russia persecutes religion, maintains concentration camps similar to the Nazi horrible prisons in the wastes of Siberia, purges or liquidates in the name of social engineering anyone suspected of opposing the will of the dictator in the Kremlin, and under whip and gun drives millions of half-starved slave laborers to the task of building a productive system which is supposed to be an index of progress and enlightenment? Are we to be undisturbed by what we hear of events in Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and other countries where Russia is introducing her peculiar brand of "democracy"?

The point of our present remarks is that we have no right to be optimistic about a world order built on compromise between democracy and totalitarianism. Have we forgotten that all the world had reason to mourn the compromise and

appeasement at Munich?

SHORTLY after the stories of the atrocities at Buchenwald and Dachau horrified the whole world, a captured German doctor, Gustav Wilhelm Schuebbe, told how from 110,000 to 140,000

The Plea for Euthanasia persons "unworthy to live" were killed during the nine months he had worked at Kiev. Dr. Schuebbe remarked with complete scientific detachment, "I

still maintain that, just as one prunes a tree by removing old, undesirable branches in the spring, so for its own interest a certain hygienical supervision of the body of a people is necessary from time to time."

Simultaneously, here in America in a recently started monthly magazine, there appeared an article written by Emile Schurmacher, posing the question, "Is the taking of human life to end suffering justifiable?" A reading of the article would foster an affirmative answer. Heart-breaking cases of incurable, tormented sufferers are related. Testimony of doctors is marshaled: "I have seen thousands of cases of incurable patients suffering the torments of the damned, cases where the practice of euthanasia would be a blessing." Euthanasia or mercy-killing (the positive hastening of death) becomes "medical mercy."

Fundamentally, Mr. Schurmacher, if he subscribes to the doctrine of mercy killing as his article would lead us to believe, is standing on the same ground as Dr. Schuebbe and the Nazis. The motive of one is sentimental humanitarianism. The motive of the other is the common good. The one would kill those who suffer without hope of cure to put them out of their misery, as we would a sick dog or cat, and to spare their loved ones the need of helplessly watching. The other would kill the hopelessly incurable to relieve society of a burden. But both would take upon themselves the right to preside over life and death. Both would say, to put it more nearly accurately, that the state by its laws should give this right. Both would say that the state has the power to give this right.

And both are wrong for the identical reason. The state has no right to authorize the killing of any incurable. The state has no right to give any such authorization because the right to life is one of those inalienable human rights that is independent of and precedes the formation of any state. Note the fact that it is an *inalienable* human right—one that cannot be taken away by the state nor given away by the individual. God alone has complete dominion over man. God alone is the Lord of life and death. That is why murder or suicide is never justifiable.

It is hard to see loved ones suffer. It is understandable how, once Christian principles are forsaken, suffering log all meaning. Christ agonizing on the cross was a stumbling block to the Jews and to the Greeks foolishness. It should also be made understandable to the misguided euthanasia enthrosiasts that if they affirm for the state the right to kill incurables they must also affirm the right to kill undesirables. The must stop being shocked by Nazi brutality and face the fact that they and the Nazis are in pagan principle one. Grant the principle and both conclusions follow.

THERE is nothing quite so exasperating to the tolerant, honest-minded non-Catholic as the Catholic Church's refuse to regard herself as merely one of the Christian sects and

"One Religion Is As Good As Another" her consequent prohibition for Catholics to mingle in non-Catholic religious affairs. This exasperation is quite undestandable, given the viewpoint

of religious indifferentism so prevalent today. Certain Projectant magazines and ministers have been making an issue of the matter in recent months. But the issue is falsely stated. It cannot be narrowed down to a choice between bigotry and religious indifferentism. A true Catholic is neither a bigot nor "broad-minded." Because he believes he possesses the complete revelation of Jesus Christ, he is neither irrationally prejudiced against others, nor can he in conscience or in reason be "broad-minded" enough to put the truth he possesses on a par with what he believes to be error.

When a man tells a Catholic that one religion is as good as another, that it really isn't so very important what a man believes so long as he is doing his best to live a good life, when a man tells him that creed is merely an accident of birth, that it doesn't make so very much difference how a good man worships God, that Catholic naturally cannot agree. He knows that when Christ said, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build My Church," He did not mean one church is as good as another. He knows that when Christ prayed that there might be but one fold and one shephed, He didn't mean that creed was to be but an accident of birth. It is the glory of a Catholic that he is a member of that fold. It doesn't make him a bigot because he refuses to dim the splendor of that glory with that smug brand of tolerance which is termed "broad-mindedness."

A Catholic is most anxious to live in harmony with men of any religion or no religion. He is most anxious to cooperate with them on all levels that will not compromise his religious beliefs. On the grounds of dogma or moral code, he cannot compromise. For it is the firm belief of Catholic that ours is the only religion founded by Jesus Christ who was God Incarnate. The articles of our faith are dogmas revealed by Christ, and we have discarded none of them because He demanded faith in all of them. Moral codes have broken down because human nature is weak and passion is strong, but the Church still refuses to capitulate on any point of morality because Christ would not yield on a single point of moral living.

Catholics know that because belief in dogma and the keeping of the moral law might be too hard for human nature, Christ instituted the sacramental system. The sacraments, all seven of them, have not been lost in the Catholic Church. Today as on the day any one of them was instituted by the Son of God, they are still the vehicles of grace, still the channels of Redemption.

With this faith, how could a Catholic be expected to hold that it makes no difference to him how a good man worships God? How could he rationally proclaim that one religion is as good as another? Non-Catholics may think him mistaken, but they cannot reasonably expect him to be religiously indifferent.



Acms

The New President

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

THE question uppermost in the minds of Americans since the death of President Roosevelt is, "What kind of a President is Harry S. Truman going to make?" Will he measure up to the tremendous responsibilities which were handed on to him by his predecessor? How will he deal with the problems of the peace and the reconversion of the nation's industry now that the awaited completion of the European phase of the war has brought close the day when munitions production may be cut back?

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As this article is being written, only a few weeks have elapsed since the new President took the oath of office. On such a short record of performance, no man can be judged. And for the most part the answer to the nation's question lies in the future. But already Harry Truman has begun to emerge from the misty obscurity which shrouded him as Senator and Vice-President and to take form in the public mind as a delineated character. And certain direc-

tions of policy have now been indicated.

No vice-president ever succeeded to the highest office in the land in a more critical time. No vice-president, not even Andrew Johnson, has been called upon to fill a greater void than was left by the passing of Franklin D. Roosevelt. And, it is safe to say, no vice-president ever was more dismayed to learn that he had become President of the United States. "Boys, the whole weight of the moon and the stars fell on me," the President told a group of newspapermen who filed into the Vice-President's office to bid him farewell. "If any of you pray, pray for me."

Fate has shaped the course of Harry Truman's political career more insistently than in the case of most other public men. He never aspired to high office. He literally was pushed ahead.

Harry Truman attached himself to a public payroll for the first time thirtyeight years ago. For ten years he had followed the plow on the family farm in Missouri, building the foundation of the vitality and lean, muscular agility which now support him in long days of unrelenting labor. After the First World War, during which he rose to the rank of captain in a field artillery battalion, he invested his savings in a haberdashery business in Independence, Missouri, and promptly failed.

Until this business misadventure, he had never thought of politics as a livelihood. The idea was suggested to him by a friend—a relative of Tom Pendergast, then the unchallenged Democratic boss of Jackson County, Missouri, in which Kansas City and Independence are located. In 1922 he ran, with the support of the Pendergast machine, for county judge in Jackson County and was elected. Two years later he was defeated, but in 1926 he was elected presiding judge, and in 1930 he was reelected.

During his administration of these offices, Truman acquired a reputation

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and daughter, Mary Margaret, in their former Washington apartment

Above: Chief Justice Harlan Stone administering the oath of office in the Cabinet Room of the White House after Pres. Roosevelt's death Right: An informal shot of President Harry S. Truman with his wife

for personal honesty. County judges in Jackson County were not presiding officers of courts but county commissioners charged with the letting and supervising of public works contracts running into millions of dollars. Not once was it suggested that Truman had misused a dollar of the county funds entrusted to his control.

In 1934 a vacancy occurred in the office of tax collector of Jackson County, a choice fee post that netted the incumbent about \$25,000 a year. To that attractive political plum Truman aspired -the only political job he ever actively sought, and friends who knew him then believe that he would have been happy and content to have collected Jackson County's taxes for the rest of his days.

But fate operating through a decision of Boss Pendergast decreed a different future for Harry Truman. Pendergast had other plans for his political protégé. He needed an upright candidate for the United States Senate to "dress up" the ticket, and he told Truman that he was the man who fitted the specifications. Truman was disappointed-he didn't want to run for the Senate, but he had no choice. It was the Senate or nothing. Truman won by 40,000 votes.

Though he has always feared, as bigger and bigger jobs have been thrust upon him, that he did not measure up to them, Truman has attacked each new responsibility with tireless energy and industry. In the Senate his geniality quickly won him the friendship of his associates, and his unobtrusive devotion to duty in time won him their respect.

By the end of his first term in the Senate he had acquired the reputation of dependability as a party man, a supporter of the Roosevelt Administration-but no rubber stamp. He never surrendered his independence of judgment and when conviction dictated voted against the Administration.

By 1940, the Pendergast machine was in ruins and Pendergast himself in disrepute. A selfishly ambitious office-holder seeking re-election would have turned his back upon the boss of the discredited Kansas City machine. But Truman did not repudiate his old friend and political backer; he defended him.

"I accepted his support when he was on top," he said on one occasion. "And I'm not going to kick him when he is down.

RUMAN delivered a defense of Pendergast on the Senate floor, bringing down upon his head the scorn of many who had been his admirers and the criticism of newspapers of both major political affiliations. When Pendergast died, Truman attended his funeral.

Despite the disruption of the Pendergast machine, Truman was re-elected, and, returning to the Senate, he plunged into the work which won him what public notice he had at the time, four years later, when the bigwigs of the Democratic Party decided to push him forward for the vice-presidential nomination at Chicago.

Truman's reputation, such as he had, rested upon the admirable performance of a Senate special committee, bearing his name, which has exposed glaring failures of government and business in the country's defense program. With strict nonpartisanship, scrupulous avoidance of sensationalism, and amazing efficiency. Truman directed the efforts of the committee and forced a longneeded correction of such vital defense activities as the production of synthetic rubber and military airplanes.

Considerations of practical politics, considerations which weigh heavily with professional politicians, alone dictated the selection of Truman as the candidate for vice-president. The national chairman, Robert E. Hannegan, and the other powerful Democratic bosses did not want Vice-President Henry A. Wallace. Many of them did not like him. And nearly all of them thought that Wallace, leader of the radical political forces of the country, would split the Democratic Party and thus jeopardize the success of the ticket.

For Truman it was not difficult for the bosses to make out a case, even though he was practically unknown to the public. As chairman of the defense investigation committee he had made a distinguished contribution to the prosecution of the war. He had gone along with most of the Roosevelt policies; he had a good labor record in the Senate; although he was a native of a borderline state he had never aligned himself with the "white supremacy" bloc. He was not a foe of big business; neither was he a tool of the interests. He was personally honest. The worst that could be said SIGN

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against him was that he had been raised up by the Pendergast machine; no one could prove that he had ever performed a dishonorable service for the machine.

Just as he had been reluctant to run for the Senate, Truman at first resisted the proposal that his name be placed before the convention as candidate for the vice-presidential nomination. He was happy in the Senate, and he felt there was still much work for his committee to do. He shrank from projecting himself into a bitter convention battle, and it was not until he had convinced himself that the nomination was assured that he reconciled himself to the new role.

Deriving mainly from the lack of evidence of assertiveness in Truman's political career, from his reluctance to accept new responsibilities, a legend of indecisiveness had grown up around the genial vice-president.

When he was catapulted into the White House, the whole nation was stunned and bewildered. No one knew what to expect. It was as if the roof of a strong and sturdy edifice had fallen in. Anxious members of Congress rushed in to support and uphold the reed upon which the destiny of the nation had fallen, as if they expected him to collapse momentarily.

Truman accepted his new burdens with a humility that instantly was mistaken in some quarters for weakness. But within an hour or two after he had taken the oath of office it began to be apparent to even the most skeptical that the humility was not a sign of weakness but a shield for an unsuspected reserve of force, firmness, and decisiveness.

As the days went swiftly by, those anti-New Dealers and arch-conservatives of both political parties who looked for a sharp break with the Roosevelt policies began to discover that their exultation had been premature. The new president made it clear that he favored continuation of lend-lease, the Bretton Woods international monetary agreement (exactly as it had been submitted to Congress by the late President), extension of the reciprocal trade treaty agreement legislation inaugurated by former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and continuation of the price control and stabilization legislation. There was to be no indecision after all, a little trimming of sail here, a little there, but no major change of course.

The first test of the new President as a statesman came three days after he had taken the oath of office, with the arrival in Washington of V. M. Molotov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, bearing a demand that the puppet Warsaw Polish government (the former Lublin Committee of National Liberation) be invited to send repre-

sentatives to the San Francisco parley.

If Truman lacked force, as even some of his well-wishers had believed, here was a crisis where it would manifest itself. Repeatedly the Russians had insisted on having their own way, notwithstanding commitments such as that given at Yalta to bring about a reconstitution of the Polish government on a broader and more democratic basis, and neither of the other two allies had checked them. This time they collided with a man who would not budge. The new President told Molotov firmly that he would not accede to his demand with respect to Poland. Earnestly as he desired to co-operate with Russia in working out collective security for the postwar world, the President insisted that the Kremlin must keep its word.

LITTLE more than two week later, A through the State Department, Truman rebuffed the Russians again. Cooperating closely with the British, as he had done in the Polish matter, he refused to recognize the Moscow-approved provisional government of Austria, set up by Dr. Karl Renner, a Social Democrat and former chancellor of that country. Once again he made it clear that he expected letter fulfillment of the Yalta agreement under which the Russians assented to the proposal that provisional governments should be set up in the liberated countries only after consultation among the Big Three.

This accent on firmness in dealing with the Russians probably marks a decline in influence of the State Department and a rise in influence of the heads of the armed forces at the White House. The new President has established close ties with Admiral William

E. Leahy, former President Roosevelt's personal chief of staff; General George C. Marshall, Army Chief of Staff; and Admiral Ernest J. King, chief of Naval Operations, all advocates of a more assertive policy in international affairs.

Most of Truman's personal friends believe that whether or not his administration will continue on the high level established in the first days depends in large measure upon his choice of advisers. They have been encouraged by his decision to proceed slowly in choosing his official family. Immediately upon taking the oath of office he asked the present Cabinet to remain, but that does not mean that the hold-over Cabinet will continue. One Cabinet member predicted to the writer that within a year more than half the Cabinet will have been replaced.

The party leaders are most deeply concerned over the Secretaryship of State, since the incumbent would succeed to the Presidency if that office should become vacant during the remainder of the term. Although he is nominally a Democrat, Secretary of State Stettinius is wholely lacking in the political experience essential to successful conduct of the joint role of head of the nation and leader of the party. There is reason to believe that Stettinius will go, after the San Francisco Conference.

As to the general direction of Administration policy under the new President, those who know him best feel confident that there will be no sharp turn to left or right. In the words of one Cabinet member who supported Truman's nomination at Chicago, "Harry will sit on the left side of the center aisle but not so close to the left wall as President Roosevelt."



The President signs the Lend-Lease Extension Act, as Vandenberg, Eaton, Connally, Cox, Crowley, Stettinius, and Bloom look on



Istanbul-gateway between two worlds-which the Russians still claim

Turkey for the Turks

By LEON DENNEN

URKEY, alone of all the Balkan states, kept out of the war and continued, however precariously at times, her internal program of reconstruction commenced by the nationalist revolution of Kemal Ataturk in the 1920's. Following the Yalta Conference, however, the Ankara National Assembly, upon the "request" of the "Big Three," voted unanimously a declaration of war against Germany and Japan. At the same time Ambassador Laurence A. Steinhardt, and the Turkish Foreign Minister, Hasan Saka, signed a formal lend-lease agreement which had been under negotiation while I was still in Ankara some weeks earlier. By her declaration of war against the Axis, Turkey gained not only American-British aid for her excellent but poorly equipped army of over one million but also a place as an associated nation at the World Security Conference at San Francisco.

As was expected, Turkey's move aroused the ire of the Axis and its satellites. While gasping their last breath, the Nazis in a radio broadcast of February 24 did not fail to berate Ankara for this "base action" which would not be "without repercussions on the existence and future of Turkey."

In Allied circles, too, Turkey's declaration of war caused some misgivings. The Greeks who on the question of Macedonia received quite a raw deal from our Bulgarian enemy (which now has the protection of our Russian ally), feared that Turkey's declaration of war might give her a claim to some of the Dodecanese Islands. Greece justly felt that the new turn in events might cloud

postwar territorial settlements in the Aegean area, where Greece is intent on holding her own against all claimants. And the Russians, who fought World War I because of the Dardanelles which together with the City of Istanbul they still claim, have long been displeased with our Turkish ally. Ever since Ankara broke off diplomatic resince Ankara broke off diplomatic relations with Germany in August 1944, Moscow has been conducting a propaganda war of nerves against Turkey.

In spite of the fact that the war fronts were far from Turkey's borders, her declaration of war was a distinct gain for the Allied cause. Paradoxically enough, the greatest benefit was reaped by the Russians in increased lend-lease goods and war supplies now shipped by the shorter route via the Dardanelles and under the escort of Allied warships. As a neutral abiding by the Montreux Convention, Turkey had not permitted the passage of foreign warships through the Straits. Moreover, British, and to a lesser extent. American troops which had been hitherto in Turkey disguised as civilians were now able to enter the country openly and in greater numbers and to accelerate the construction of military airfields-a job upon which the British had been engaged long before Ankara's declaration of war.

Is Russia applying the same post-Yalta treatment to Turkey that she did to Rumania?

Turkey, as a matter of fact, never enjoyed security as a neutral. More than once, prior to and following the outbreak of the war in 1939, President Ismet Inonu and his Prime Minister, Sukru Saracoglu, a shrewd and able diplomat of definite populist and democratic views, had to balance themselves precariously on the tightrope of European diplomacy. Only by clinging tenaciously to her hard-won independence-with the armies of the Axis at her borders-was Turkey able to avoid the disaster that befell her Greek and Yugoslav neighbors. Neither the United States nor Great Britain could have given the Turks much help had they been attacked. Russia, if her present attitude is any indication, would not have gone to the aid of her Turkish neighbor under any circumstances. Nevertheless, while still maintaining diplomatic relations with Germany, Ankara made no secret of her hopes that the Allies would win.

The supreme test of modern Turkey's allegiance to the western democracies occurred on August 2, 1944, when she decided to break relations with Nani Germany. I was in Ankara on that day, together with hundreds of diplomats and correspondents, awaiting the opening of the extraordinary session of the Turkish National Assembly. Ever since the resignation earlier in June of the former Foreign Minister Numan Menemencioglu, an advocate of Turkish new trality, it was a foregone conclusion that, abiding by the treaty she had signed with Great Britain in the autumn of 1939, Turkey would sever economic and diplomatic relations with Germany.

President Ismet Inonu with his wife. He has had to balance precariously on the tightrope of European diplomacy

The atmosphere in the Turkish capital was tense: we all realized what a German-Turkish break would mean for the already weakened morale of Rumania, Bulgaria, and other Axis satellites in Southeastern Europe.

For several years Turkey had been the listening post of the Nazi Gestapo, which had spread its net all over the Balkans and the Middle East.

Now the German agents would be forced to leave the country. This would seriously handicap Nazi activities not only in Turkey but throughout the Middle East. A Turkish-German break would also increase pressure on Bulgaria and Rumania.

The danger, however, was real. Some of the Turkish cities like Istanbul and Izmir were particularly vulnerable to fire: German night incendiary raids could be carried out without much loss to the German Luftwaffe. For a long time the Turks were reluctant to enter the war unless they received more military equipment from the United Nations, especially antiaircraft artillery and fighter support. On August 2 the die was cast.

Flanked by the Soviet Union in the northeast and the British Empire in the Near East, Turkey's diplomacy must balance itself delicately between these two powerful neighbors. There is no doubt that Turkey wants to continue in good relations both with Great Britain and Soviet Russia. She has no desire, however, to become the special diplomatic and economic "sphere of influence" of either.

According to the Montreux Convention of 1936, which regulated the international status of the Dardanelle



Straits, Turkey was obligated to permit the passage through the Dardanelles of the fleets of those powers who might have to come to the assistance of Rumania. Soviet Russia was a signatory to this treaty. But following the conclusion of the Stalin-Hitler Pact, it was only natural that Moscow should regard with disfavor the possible appearance of an Allied fleet in the Black Sea, right at Russia's doorstep. She began to exert pressure to force the Turks to close the Dardanelles-in violation of the Montreux Convention-to ships that did not belong to Black Sea Powers. The Turks hesitated. Moscow was angry. After cooling his heels in Russia for several weeks, Saracoglu left with empty hands. But the Turks-still had a trump card up their sleeves: they proceeded to negotiate a Pact of Mutual Assistance with Britain and France.

Once again Russia was full of righteous indignation. "The Government of Turkey," Molotov, the Soviet Foreign

Commissar, thundered on October 31, 1939, "has decided to link its fate to a definite group of European powers involved in the war. . . . Thus Turkey has definitely rejected the cautious policy of neutrality and has decided to enter the orbit of the spreading European war." (Subsequently, when the Germans and the Russians came to blows, Moscow would daub Turkey a "war criminal" because the latter, acceding to Russia's demands, remained neutral.)

Turkish leaders afterward told me that they were aware of the fact that during the visit of the Nazi Foreign Minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, to Moscow in September 1939, Russia asked for the Dardanelles as part of her bargain with Germany. While in Moscow, Saracoglu was handed a memorandum by the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs to the effect that the Red Army would like to build forts on both sides of the Dardanelles. The Turkish Foreign Minister, the story goes, replied: "I have not read this memorandum." Soon after, he returned to Ankara. When Churchill met Inonu at Adana, the latter asked him whether the British Prime Minister would reaffirm the terms of Britain's alliance with Turkey to come to the latter's aid if a third power attacked the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles. Churchill reportedly replied that he could not reaffirm those clauses.

John Gunther, who has been informing our public on the "inside story" of several continents, made a flying trip to Turkey in 1943 in the course of which he learned all about Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Albania, Yugoslavia, and Greece but not about Turkey.



American Ambassador and Mrs. Steinhardt (left and center). He signed the formal lend-lease agreement with Turkey

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HE man at the microphone lives in perpetual dread of the moment-when his overworked tongue will roll out a jumbled phrase that bears more resemblance to Swahili than carefully cultivated Harvard. Even greater is his fear of the "fluff" that comes during a program's most serious second and which may send his listeners into

gales of laughter.

It may be a simple little faux pas such as greeted California listeners one morning when a local station "rise and shine" announcer chirped, "Good morning, ladio risteners." Or it may be a more serious fluff as typified by the boner which has become a classic in broadcasting circles. Harry von Zell was introducing a President of the United States to the listeners in the early days of radio. "I take great pleasure." he said confidently, "in introducing our President, Hoobert Herver!

Announcing the 1932 Olympics, another radio announcer called it a "tremendacle spectuous."

And announcer Clyde Kittell, introducing a radio address by Pope Pius XI, said, "We will now take you to Rome to hear his Holiness, Pipe Po-ess-I mean, Pipe Poess. . . ." He stopped in horror, then made another try, "His Holiness, Pope Pius, speaking from you to Vatican City.'

Recently, screen star Walter Pidgeon added his name to the list while describing to Bob Hope the final scene of his latest picture. "In it," said Walter while several million listeners grinned, "I griss Keer Garson."

Billy Lipton, a popular young actor now in service, was in the thick of a sea battle being enacted for the benefit of the late afternoon adventure fans. While the youthful listeners sat on the edges of their chairs, Billy dramatically proclaimed that "the enemy has lost another picket bottleship. The junior set probably thought they were getting advance notice on the launching of a new secret

Jimmy Wallington mystified the operetta devotees recently by announcing during the course of a Saturday afternoon concert that the orchestra would play selections from "The Pill of Princeton." It wasn't until the first few bars had been played that they realized he meant The Prince of Pilsen.'

On a recent Jimmy Durante program, the comedy star began one of his famed gravelly soliloquies only to discover that the orchestra had embarked on another number. While many other performers would have floundered hopelessly, Durante calmly stopped the jamboree and suggested that the orchestra leader appear at rehearsal occasionally. What he said after the program went off the air is another matter! Probably the boner which has

brought the most joy to the listener wearied by commercial harangues, rhymed plugs for soap suds, chewing gum, and used cars is not new, but it does bear repeating. It happened during a sports broadcast when the late Lou Gehrig was at the peak of his fame. Lou had just been interviewed on the highlights of his career. As a parting shot the exuberant sportscaster asked him what his favorite breakfast food was. "Oh-Wheaties." said Lou as the frantic announcer clung to the mike for support. The sponsor of the program was the manufacturer of Grape Nuts!

JERRY COTTER



"I asked many people," he reports "why the Turks hold this tenacious and atavistic fear of Russia, but I never got a really satisfactory answer." And yet the key to the riddle is simple. All Mr. Gunther had to do was to ask the Turks in Istanbul and they would have been more than happy to supply him with the answer.

Already in September 1943, Russia had commenced her "softening up" policy against Turkey when the official Soviet magazine War and the Working Class charged that Turkish neutraling favored the Germans. If Turkey would only enter the war, the Soviet publication said, the "inevitable catastrophe for Germany would be accelerated." To this the Turkish newspaper Aksam retorted editorially: "It is easy to say that Turkey's neutrality is to the advantage of Germany and to want to push Turkey into the war, but difficult to perceive who would be favored if we left our neutrality and, even more, where and how Turkey would enter the war and against whom she would direct her invasion. Soviet Russia had to enter the war in self-defense. Turkey's loyal policy during the hard war has been a most solid security for Russia."

NO sooner did Turkey, at the request of Britain and backed by American diplomacy, break relations with Germany than Russia commenced a war of nerves against our neutral ally which continues to this day. The unhappiest man in Istanbul during the turbulent days of August was Leonid Velitchansky, part-time representative of the Soviet news agency, TASS, and full-time agent of the Russian G.P.U. Incidentally. he was one of the few Russians in Turkey who was permitted by his superiors to mingle with the foreign colony.

"I don't trust the Turks," he lisped at our Office of War Information in Istanbul where he was a frequent visitor. The break in relations with Germany is only a smoke-screen. The Turks will still have to pay for their crimes.'

On August 7, 1944, Pravda, official organ of the Russian Communist Party, in its first comment on the Turkish-German break, published a scathing attack on the Ankara Government which sent shivers up Turkish spines. Admitting that the Turkish-German rift "cannot but add additional trouble to the already distraught Hitlerite Government," Pravda quoted the New York Times to the effect that "American official circles believe that Turkey should have undertaken measures long ago for a break in relations with Germany and that the significance of the break now is minor." No, said Pravda, Turkey is not an ally; let's not forget the fact.

On August 19 the Moscow radio

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again bitterly attacked Turkey, quoting Pravda article by the now-famous Demidoy. This time the target was the well-known Turkish journalist, Husevin Cahit Yalcin, who had the effrontery to say, among other things, that the Red Army was delaying its offensive against Warsaw because it was opposed the uprising of the Polish patriots. Finally, in a Moscow broadcast on August 30 the Turks had already become accomplices of the Germans: "Instead of being reduced, the activity of the German spies in Turkey and the Near East has intensified in a way which strikes the eye because of the last events on the fronts and in the Balkans, and the Turkish organs have not been an obstacle to this activity."

To those of us who lived in Turkey and were intimately familiar with political events this charge was sheer nonsense. But our Office of War Information in Istanbul, for some inexplicable reason, chose to publish the whole text of this diatribe.

The policies of the OWI (Office of War Information) in the countries where I came in contact with it, were at all times puzzling. When I arrived in Beirut in June 1944, every government building was displaying huge portraits of Stalin and DeGaulle. Intrigued by this strange conception of "Allied unity," I mildly suggested to one of our OWI officials that it would not be a bad idea to add portraits of Churchill and Roosevelt. "Hell, no," he replied, "What for, It is our job to create good will among the Allies. As a matter of fact the portraits of Stalin and DeGaulle are printed and distributed by our Office of War Information. We think it is a good public relations job.'

On August 8, the OWI bulletin Balhan News and Propaganda began with the following leading item:

The silence of the Soviet Union on the situation in Turkey has ended and the Soviet Union's comment is not flattering to Turkey. Turkey's former neutrality is coldly reviewed and her lucrative business relations with Germany

Since the primary object of the OWI in Istanbul was to "sell" the United States to Turkey and to the Balkan people, this comment was, to say the least, undiplomatic.

But on August 24 our OWI went even further: it presumed to lecture the Turks on how to conduct their foreign affairs. It seems that Nurretin Artam, the Turkish radio commentator, made some lame apology about the fact that a speech made by the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, Dragonoff, was not fully recorded and hence not commented upon by the Turkish press. The reply of the OWI, however, was as insolent



Turkish aviator, No matter what the odds, Turkey will fight for independence

as it was unwise. "We do not know." the bulletin of August 24 stated, "what the Agence Anatolie is supposed to do for the Turkish press and radio. We must say, however, that our complete recording of the Dragonoff speech was of course made available to the Turkish press as well as to our readers.'

I am reporting these few observations not in order to "expose" our OWI but simply to indicate the confusion that existed in our own minds. Certainly there were Communists in our Istanbul OWI office who were playing their own game. Many others, however, also had a firm grasp of the situation, a thorough knowledge of the unfolding Balkan tragedy and, like George Britt, who was then the director of the OWI's Istanbul office, were regarded highly by the Turks and other representatives of the various Balkan nations. But they were human and influenced by the unprecedented barrage of pro-Soviet propaganda that used to reach them from Washington and New York.

A prominent Turk who fought by the side of Kemal Ataturk for the independence of his country summed up for me before I left Turkey his impression of our foreign propaganda:

"You are doing everything to convince the people in the Balkans that Russia is free to do with them as she pleases. It is not ill will on your part but inexperience. The result may be disastrous."

On March 20 the Soviet Government announced its desire to terminate its long-standing treaty of friendship and, neutrality with Turkey concluded in 1925. It is no secret, declared Izvestia the following day, "that dur-

ing the present war Soviet-Turkish relations at specific moments might have been better than they were. It is not to the interest of the two countries automatically to extend the terms of an agreement concluded in a totally different situation

From Moscow the New York Times correspondent cabled that "one cannot foresce just what the Soviet Union will ask as a substitute for this treaty," while in London "cynical" observers said that the Russian decision might be one step in applying pressure to obtain a revision of the Montreux Convention, which was signed by France. Great Britain, Greece: Rumania, Yugoslavia-and Japan, and could be revised only after common consultation.

What is most ominous for continued Turkish independence was the statement made by Moshe Pjade, Tito's right-hand man and Vice President of the Yugoslav "Anti-Fascist Assembly." In an editorial in Belgrade's Communist newspaper, Borba, he termed Turkish aspirations to "play a leading role in the Balkans . . . entirely out of question." Turkey's attitude in declaring war on Germany and Japan, he wrote. "might be called speculative and extortionist. Aiding Germany during the war and piling up gold, and then offering herself to sit at the Allied conference table with requests to receive a reward-this is the full meaning of Turkey's declaration of war."

Dark clouds are now gathering over Ataturk's republic. But I left Turkey convinced that if ever attacked by another power, no matter what the odds may be, she will fight for her independence.



It is Saturday night, and the civilians in Boston are spending their defense plant dollars at the Statler Bar

beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from the heavens. . . . "Big-B" was still coming. We called a mission over Ber-"Big-B." lin,

We could tell beforehand when we were going a long way. We went over and watched the ground crew gassing up the planes for the next day's haul. When they finished filling up the tanks and one of them yelled "2700 topped off," we knew that it would be a very long haul in the morning.

And even though it is now early in the morning, in a sense it is not early. For if the weather had not been bad we would long ago have been on our way to visit Germany in our B-17 which is called Tail-End Charlie.

We are not going to fly this morning, and we are moping about in a Nissen Hut, sweating the mission out.

"You and Nebraska can have everything but my wings and my books," I said to my two buddies. "They're for my wife."

Both of you can have everything but my wings and my leather jacket," said Pancho. "Those are for my little brother Pablo in San Antonio."

"Well, you two can have everything of mine but that picture of me with my mother," Nebraska said.

"But what about your wings?" I asked him.
"Yeh, what about your wings?" Pancho added. "Don't you want your mother to have your wings?"

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BY PRIVATE JOE DEVER

"No," Nebraska said, taking a matchstick he was chewing out of his mouth and walking over to the window. He stood there at the window of our little Nissen Hut and looked out at the shifting and the swelling banks of early morning fog.

"No, I do not want my mother to wear a pair of these wings. A Mexican tart in Laredo, Texas, wears the real Gl ones which the Army gave me, and at least two Piccadilly harpies wear the glamorous pieces of tin I bought in the PX since I have been across. This is my fourth pair of gunner's wings, and I will take them with me when I go down."

"All right, Nebraska," I said, "I know what you mean." "You always know what I mean, Boston; you always know what everybody who has constriction of the heart means, and you are one lovable son-of-a-gun."

"Let's go over to the NCO Club for a brew," I said.

They'll scrub the mission again, sure as hell." "Yeh, sure as hell we will not fly today," said Pancho,

"even the birds are walking."

"Roger," said Nebraska, "over and out."

"Over and out," Nebraska had said. That meant there is nothing left to say. That means put on your jackets and let's get some brew. The fog will probably lift tonight, and we will have to make the heavy haul in the morning.

"It beats the hell out of me," I said, looking sullenly out at the fog.

But if we could be at this window tomorrow just after dawn when thirty tons of plane and men which are ironically called Tail-End Charlie go hurtling down the runway and lift yearningly to the high horizon of England and the Channel coast, if we could watch our dawn-glinting '17 drift patiently into the huge and pyramidal phalanx which will lance deeply into rioting German skies, if we could only watch ourselves go out, watch from the window of this little corrugated hut, it would indeed be a vision to behold.

To see old Tail-End Charlie go thrusting out with Pancho. Nebraska, and Boston aboard, to see ourselves go out on the long haul which everyone knows is coming when the limey soup has lifted and blue becomes a sky instead of a mood.

"Come on, old Boston," said Nebraska, "cut out the mental poetry and let's go get that beer."

"Yeh, come on, Lower Ball," said Pancho, "let's get some

suds, let's go get a glow on." "Okay, Tail Gunner," I said to Pancho. "Okay, Top Tw-

ret," I said to Nebraska, "over and out."

We went over to the NCO Club.

I am sitting here in the NCO Club looking way down deep into this glass of English ale. The face of my wife is in this glass; she is very beautiful, and no ugly piece of flak could

I he thoughts men thought were long, hard thoughts in the bitter days before victory in Europe

ever hurt my heart with the hurt that her comeliness now brings to me. She is a thing of forever and bombs and guns are a thing of now. The things of forever always hurt you deeply when you see, hear, or know them in the brawl and the broil of the things of now. It is always that way.

And even Tail-End Charlie, which is a ruthless, murderous thing of now, seems like a thing of forever because of the

guys who ride him.

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MAYBE you do not know what the expression Tail-End Charlie means. Well, it means your plane will be the last one over the target, and it means that by the time your plane gets there, the Jerry antiaircraft gunners will have all their peepers on your altitude and your speed. It means that all the Radar and all the magnificent Einstein precision of the German race will, at the moment of your bombing run, be focused perfectly on Tail-End Charlie. I mean to say that during the Time Over Target, Tail-End Charlie will be the most inviting clay pigeon at which the Jerry gunners ever tossed their flak. During the Time Over Target the Jerry antiaircraft will throw everything but their meerschaum pipes up at us, and that is the way it is.

It is because of a rather disturbing situation that our '17 is now called Tail-

End Charlie.

Once upon a time the Skipper named our ship Suitcase Packin' Mama after his pretty young wife, who had followed him all around the country when he was an aviation cadet.

But our Skipper is just like Pancho, Nebraska, and Boston; he is like copilot, bombardier, navigator, both waist gunners, and radio gunner. We are all full of unmitigated blazes, and sometimes you get filled with a little more blazes from the Group Commander for being like we are.

One time when we were a little hilarious on our way back from a rather mild sortie against a marshaling yard around Paris, we knew that the Skipper was also in a jovial and mischievous mood. We had lost our formation in a nasty weather front, and we were wafting back to England amid brightening skies.

Our Skipper, whom we sometimes call "Joe," is a former Dartmouth man, and as we approached the English coast about 4. P. M. we could hear his lusty baritone ringing out over our interphone. "As the flak goes tearing by," he was singing with a merry and infectious lilt.

"Lower Ball to Pilot," I said impudently from my spherical kingdom of steel just under the belly of the fort.

"Go ahead, Lower Ball," the Skipper answered, stopping his singing.

"Hey Skipper," I continued, "there's a Limey seaplane kind of moving in on us at four o'clock. Over."

"Roger," said the Skipper, "keep an eye on him."

"Okay, Skipper," I said naïvely, "but if he can move in on us, why can't we move in on him?"

Then everybody began yelling into the interphone at once.

"Go get him, Skipper!"
"Nip his heels, Joe!"

"Buzz his tail, Boss!"

These were the only scraps of coherent verbiage my ringing ears could salvage.

"Get the hell off the interphone," broke in the Skipper with a bellow, "or I'll slap you on k.p. for a week. And I mean it," he added ominously.

But the Skipper was game, and he peeled off beautifully in the direction of the Limey

seaplane.

A dragon buzzed a flea. That is to say, we almost worried the little Limey patrol plane down into the fretting grayness of the English Channel.

But somehow the Group Commander got wind of our little "buzzing" escapade.

As a punishment for cutting up, the "old man" placed us in the Tail-End Charlie position of our formation, and the Jerry flak-artists have been throwing everything but their copies of Mein Kampf up at us ever since.

And when we are sitting over the beer, we figure that if they did not get you the last time, they will get you the next.

Tomorrow we will probably go after big game. They have been preparing this mission a long time. We have a hunch that it will be "Big-B." All of us will fly deep into Germany, and all of us will not come back.

Our destination might even be Brunswick, where there are infinite numbers of ball bearings which we can scatter irretrievably to the four winds of

They have been preparing this mission a long time. All of us will fly deep into Germany, and all of us will not come back Germany. Or it could be Regensburg, where they make a lot of German planes, and where they keep a lot of fighters and a lot of flak fizzing about in the air, so that they can go on making German planes at Regensburg.

And the Tail-End Charlie position will not be too bad a spot on such a mission as that which can come tomorrow. Everyone will get a 600-gun salute from the Jerries no matter where one is flying when it is time for the bombing run. For even Hitler himself they do not shoot off as many guns.

Also the fighters, the ME-109's and the Focke-Wulfs, will put on an aerial



circus for all of us, and they will make sure that every one of us has a ringside seat.

The enemy fighters are like meteoric sharks, and they keep on coming and coming until they have slashed right into our formation of '17's. We all but take our hands off our guns—they barrel-roll so beautifully just as they are beginning to fire. And the fighters will knife into our plane, or they will be the crimson blobs of plummeting death which one or more of our "fifties" have made them.

They are pretty, like beautiful black witches who undulate entrancingly toward us, and then with all the swiftness and the fatal beauty of lightning, sink a hunk of steel between our ribs or into our tautened bellies.

And there is always the flak.

The smaller bits of flak will clatter against the metal sides of the fuselage.

And then there is always more and heavier flak. We will hear and see it one way, or feel it a couple of other

Sometimes we hear the remnants of it against the sides of the plane like someone who has a hacking cough, who rattles when he coughs, with the rattle that is caused by a lot of phlegm in his throat.

We see it in oily smudges by day and in diabolical Fourth of July celebrations by night. We feel it in the sudden, precipitous lift and fall of the plane; we perceive strongly its wake of hushed, almost-death, after it has come up through the deck of the ship. We feel it, too, if it rips into ourself or one of our buddies; but of that we do not tell.

And right now, it is Saturday night in Boston. My lovely wife is there waiting for me, see. I believe that. She loves me forever, and she is waiting and praying for me.

But it is Saturday night in Boston,

TAPESTRY

By Helen Olsen

On looking back, dear one, I wish that all The swift and careless years again were mine To weave into a gracious new design More worthy of our love. My loom is small To hold this visioned tapestry . . a wall Still waits, forlorn and bare, within the shrine Our life might be, if I could once combine The beauty and the pain these thoughts recall!

Yet when I most despair I sometimes see
Beneath the surface flaws a golden frame,
While here and there the idle filigree
Of common years is somehow not the same . . .
And as I weave the strange and shaded dyes,
My faith finds consecration in your eyes.

nevertheless. The civilians in Boston are spending their defense-plant dollars at the Statler Bar. American soldiers and sailors are there, too, raising the roof of the Statler with a bottle and a blonde. And maybe that blonde belongs to one of these guys who sits broodily over the beer right here in the NCO Club. Maybe it isn't the fault of the high-stepping civilians and service men at home, maybe it isn't ours, but something stinks.

Tomorrow morning we will make the extra-long haul, and they will read about it in the American newspapers. There will be numbers in the American newspapers. So many German fighters were destroyed, so many probables, so much overwhelming power on our side. Yes, and incidentally, the flak was overwhelmingly powerful, too, on the German side. And before you put down the paper and call up our wives and sweethearts on the telephone, you might

be interested in knowing that so many "forts" lost does not mean so many "forts" lost. It means so many "forts" lost times ten swell guys; that's what it means.

But we'll have another beer in the NCO Club, for the flak will be heavy in the morning.

And there go Pancho and Nebraska out the door with two Waafs. Pancho has just given me the "Roger" sign with the circle and three outstretched finger formed by his right hand. By this he is saying that he and Nebraska are all set, or soon will be; he says that life and the war go steadily on and, yes, I, Boston, will have another beer.

I'll have another beer and then go back to the hut where I will lie in the darkness and listen to the burling prowl of a lonely Limey night flier. I will go back to our Nissen Hut and lie in the darkness.

I will lie in the darkness and ache for my far-angel wife. I will know that she is forever mine even though a vast and hellish yawn of war and ocean stretches between us. In the darkness I will ache for her until Pancho and Nebraska come home.

There will be the bitten lip over and over again. And biting that lip means that I must come back from the next mission because a good, true, and comely woman is forever mine.

Then Pancho and Nebraska will come home and tell me just how it was with the British women and the bitter-sweetness of their kisses in the night. It will be almost time for us to visit Germany again; it will be the time when the larks are beginning to sing in the clearing English dawn and when farm wagons go soughing along the winding country lanes.



Rívals

▶ His wife did not approve of gambling. In fact she frowned upon it. But he was a pretty good winner and for some strange reason his wife gave up remonstrating with him over the errancy of his ways. Mind you, she still disapproved—but being a thrifty woman she was not the one to allow disapproval to cost her anything. Not that she dreamed her husband knew

it would cost her something. Until one night.

They were in bed asleep. She woke up when she heard a noise. She could see a human form on the far side of the room. She began to shake her husband: "Wake up, Henry!" she whispered. "There's a burglar going through your pockets."

Henry merely rolled over. "You two just fight it out between your-

Sign of Victory

By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C. P.

THAT a world at war be war-conscious is a matter of course. Willynilly, we experience the effects of war and of its causes. Our sacrifices range from trifles to tragedy, from a shortage of matches to the violent death of men at arms. We are alert to sedition and sabotage and espionage. The eloquence of propaganda would be mesmeric, but people at large have become thoughtful. More so than the "last time," the bigwigs of World War II find it increasingly difficult to persuade us without conviction. We are realizing as never before that, prescinding from military defeat or victory, war is disastrous. We are reasoning more and more to the conclusion that the fundamental cause of war is not military or economic, but moral-or rather, immoral. Therefore, until statesmen become conscientious, no peace can be expected beyond gun-

Human wars date back to the smallscale aggression of Cain against Abel. But prior to that and ever since, the King of Kings has been engaged in a

holy war that is superhuman. Apropos of this conflict and in His Name, we might inquire among Christians even, and with justifiable irony: "Do you realize there is a war on?" Because of this war, the Kingdom of God on earth is known as the Church Militant, the Kingdom of Heaven is the Church Triumphant. The basic antagonism in our created universe is between God and "the devil and his angels." Not to know this is to be ignorant of sacred history. Not to reckon with it is hopelessly poor strategy, for in these very terms Saint John characterizes the militant campaign of the Crucified and Risen God-Man: For this purpose the Son of God appeared, that He might destroy the works of the devil.

By the eve of Crucifixion Friday, the lines of battle were drawn—the Prince of Peace and His faithful against the "prince of this world" and those who were "of the devil." All creatures took part, siding with the One or with the other. A cock crew to shrill its protest at persistent disloyalty. Trees—planted on the third day of creation—extended their branch—

The Cross is the symbol of victory in a war in which we are all engaged

ing arms, one to hang a suicidal traitor, another to uphold the Victim betrayed. When that Victim died of a broken heart, "the veil of the temple was rent in two, the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent." Women as well as men took part in the decisive battle of Calvary, peasants and aristocrats, Gentiles and Jews. Fair-weather friends deserted to the enemy. Heroes were made and cowards proven. Angel spirits-over twelve legions strong-hovered within call of the garden of betrayal. By an angel, the stone was rolled away from the tomb of death for the victorious resurrection of the Lord of Life and Death.

That angel spirits should have been present and even prominent during the Passion unto death of our divine Saviour was most appropriate. Though God became Man "for us men and for our salvation," one of the dominant purposesof His militant campaign was the conquest of evil spirits-the checkmating of diabolical influence upon human spirits. Unquestionably, satanic instigation accounts in large part for the inhuman severity to which the Man of Sorrows was subjected by His fellow men. Six days prior to the original Holy Thursday, our Redeemer voiced one of His clear-cut references to the impending conflict. "Signifying what death He should die, Jesus said: Lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things to Myself. Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." Definitely, the human enemies of Christ Crucified would be but allies of His archenemy, the devil. The victory of the Messias over the "prince of devils" had been prophesied by implication when, in our behalf, the Almighty thundered the first declaration of war that the universe ever heard.

Dictated by the Holy Spirit, sacred history is infallibly reliable. A glance at its earliest pages brings into clear focus all the dramatis personae for whom or

> against whom the God-Man was to contend, and with whom we of today have still to reckon. In creating the universe, God brought into existence a type of being superior to man-beings who are sheer spirits. Only they and the One Who made them can realize adequately the superiority of a spirit compared with a human being. The body is a hindrance as well as a help to the human soul. Briefly, we are no match for a sheer spirit-any more than a moron is for a man of keen intelligence.

> Because of mutiny against their Creator, the devil and his confederate spirits were punished. "They prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven." At that time, earth was still a paradise and the very threshold of heaven. The glory of God and human prosperity were a commonweal. But man and woman yielded to the seductive propaganda of evil spirits and rebelled against the God who sustains us. Thus, paradise collapsed. "By the envy of the devil, death came into the world: and they follow him that are of his side." Hence, when the



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Almighty announced His intention to rescue us, He did so by declaring a holy war against "Satan, who seduceth the whole world." "I will put enmities," He said, "between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

The forces of heaven were mobilized for the rehabilitation of man. In due time, a Virgin mothered a Child—the "Expectation of the Nations." By word and by deed, Christ proved Himself to be the Son of God in Person. To emphasize beforehand the full significance of Calvary, He spent three years in "preaching and casting out devils." He preached in order to win the intelligent co-operation of men sensitive about their freedom. He cast out devils to thwart those who "take the word out of their hearts, lest believing they should be saved."

God's holy war-declared from heaven and campaigned on earth by the God-Man-attained its climax during the original Holy Week. On Thursday night, our divine Saviour entered upon His Passion unto death—an ordeal that, according to human reckoning, seemed to doom the Man of Sorrows to utter defeat. "The devil having put it into the heart of Judas to betray Him," and bribed by a bag of silver, the traitor eased the way for the capture of Jesus. In the garden of betrayal, our Lord struck His aggressors flat to the ground twice, thus giving the lie to the taunts wherewith they would challenge Him on the morrow: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross and we will believe in you!" Permitting Himself to be roped, our Redeemer was led to one mock trial after another. Even Peter failed his Master by disloyalty. Overly self-reliant, he had forgotten Jesus' warning: "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

Condemned to death by crucifixion, our divine Leader suffered unrealizably in body, in mind, and in heart in expiation for our mutiny of body and soul. Physically and psychologically, our Redeemer agonized until He could bear no more—"even unto death." Not even the God-Man could appeal more eloquently to our Father in heaven, or to us here on earth.

The efficacy of His appeal from the cross of atonement is attested by the Apostle of the Crucified: "Through Him it hath well pleased the Father to rec-

oncile all things unto Himself, makin peace through the blood of His m both as to the things that are on ear and in heaven." Thus did the "God Peace crush Satan."

The final and complete victory of the God-Man was exemplified, to the grafication of His faithful and to the consternation of His enemies when, or Resurrection Sunday, He resumed Hahuman life. His triumph was a persona achievement, and at the same time achievement, and at the same time are the constraint of our own prospective rout of "him who had the empire of death, the is to say, the devil."

ALL sin is an affront to God an Aclamors for expiation. Without atonement, there could be no "atonement" or reconciliation. But for such a undertaking, only a divine Mediator capable. As a divine Person, the God Man offered—in our behalf and in our stead—a perfect expiation, so the "where sin abounded, grace did more abound." To atone for human prid and disobedience and intoxication the pleasures of this life, "He humble Himself, becoming obedient, even to the death of the cross."

In accomplishing our rearmament of soul with God's grace, and in winning eternal peace for all of us, the stratego of Christ was not a recourse to physic combat, or to intellectual debate. His stratagem was moral—a conscientor tribute of His sacred Mind and Heat to our Father in heaven. Our divided the control of the co

In human warfare, the telling inh ence of physical brawn has diminishe in ratio to the development of med anized armament. Of fundamental in portance are the minds that device weapons for destruction. Most important of all are the ideologies that lead war. To speak of incompatible idea ogies is to bespeak a war among huma spirits, is it not? Of one type of con science against another? War does no become unreal or vague when we en phasize it as a conflict among huma souls. Nor does the victory of our d vine Leader lose its impressiveness when we emphasize the hostile spirits wh originally seduced us whom our Saviour defeated, but against whom we human spirits have still to be on the alert. pertains to the fundamentals of taction that we know the enemy. The sacres history of our Redeemer is replete will militant vocabulary-a reminder that sacramentally confirmed as soldiers Jesus Christ, we are engaged in a holy war. It is essential that in a spirit of supernatural patriotism, we be loyal our Crucified and Risen Leader, Whose cross is the sign of His victory and of our own.

Among Friends

When Bill O'Dwyer was running for District Attorney in Brooklyn, he would appear on the platform with a piece of paper in his hand, ostensibly covered with notes. Looking around, he would say "Hullo, Joe. Hullo, Harry," and remark that he hadn't known that there'd be so many friends there. "I don't need notes to talk to you people," he would say. "To you I can speak from my heart." And he would throw away

his piece of paper.

A reporter who had seen O'Dwyer do this in every Brooklyn neighborhood mounted the speaker's platform one night and picked up the discarded paper. It was an old laundry bill.

▶ A Southern politician who was quite fond of alcoholic refreshments had prepared an oration to be delivered at the dedication of the town's new courthouse. On the morning of the day set for the dedi-

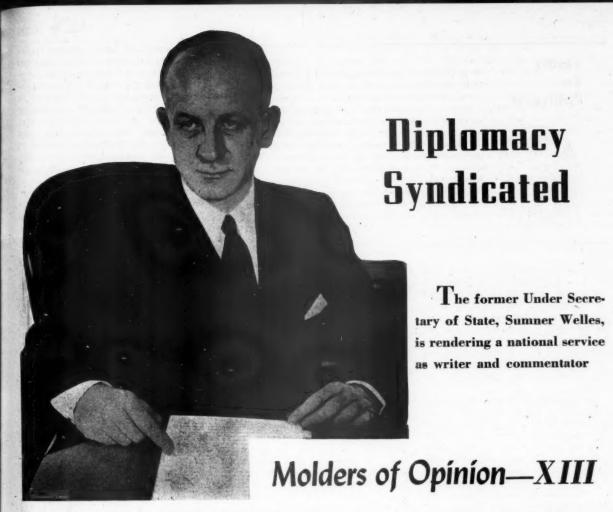
cation ceremony, he took a friend aside and said to him:

"I want you to be present when I deliver this speech. I'm depending on you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water I would like you to applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead it will be the signal to laugh."

"You'd better switch signals, Colonel," his friend replied. "It's sure to start me off laughing when I see you up there taking

a drink of water."





CUMNER WELLES comes as close as anyone we have in the United States to being a full-blown statesman in the diplomatic sense of the word. Aside from the fact that in personal appearance the former Under Secretary of State of the United States is almost the Hollywood answer to what a diplomat ought to look like, the international thought of Sumner Welles is pretty much a chart of the way American diplomacy has worked since the advent of the Roosevelt Administration in 1933. No single man, Cordell Hull included, represents as thoroughly and as intimately the new purposes of the United States as a world power as Welles.

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This in part can be attributed to his close relations with the late President. Welles' academic background, his family connections, his close personal friendship with Roosevelt, the social world in which he moves, are all factors which made his rise to high position possible. There are some who find in this background some of the reasons for the break between former Secretary Hull and Sumner Welles. Waggish tongues find in the latter's friendship with for-

mer Argentine Ambassador Felipe Espil and his wife one of the obscure reasons underlying the tension that developed between the two top men in the Department of State.

Sumner Welles is unquestionably an aristocrat. Palm Beach, Oxon Hills, and the rest of the places where he maintains a residence smack of the upper reaches of society. He is definitely not a man of the masses, nor does his career reveal at any moment the slightest inclination to think in terms of a heterogeneous electorate. Nothing distinguishes his career so much as a rigid adherence to a policy based on clear-cut principles.

The American people will probably not realize for a long time to come the courage and integrity of Sumner Welles since he left the service of the Department of State. As a writer, commentator, and publicist he is rendering a service which many do not appreciate. I refer specifically to his outstanding utterances on the tangled and misconstrued Argentine case. The heat and passion engen-

By RICHARD PATTEE

dered by this unfortunate tug of war have blinded too many of our people to the fundamentals. The absurd tossing about of epithets and the constant harping on Fascism have led our newspapers and our public opinion woefully astray.

Welles' has been almost the only voice raised in the name of sanity on this point. In his syndicated articles and in his radio addresses, Sumner Welles has displayed the courage of his convictions in a fundamentally unpopular cause. How clear is his thought when one runs through his published statements. How unanswerable his position when he criticizes the Department of State for the hopeless blind alley into which it managed to maneuver itself. The recognition of governments, the danger of going behind the scenes to discover whether these governments are good or badthese are the rock-bottom principles on which our policy has flowered and become great. They have been criminally abandoned in the present instance.

Even after Argentina declared war and much jubilation was expressed that our policy had at long last borne fruit, Welles raised his voice in warning once

Limits To Políteness



▶ It had been a strenuous morning of tennis. The hour was late. The lady was in a hurry. Anyone could see that as she sped along the highway and through a red light. The inevitable cop was there to see it all. He blew on his whistle and signaled with his hand for the lady to stop. She didn't.

When he finally caught up with her a couple of miles down the road, he was furiously polite. "Pardon me, lady, but didn't you see me wave my

Equally polite, the lady answered, "Of course I did. And didn't I wave back to you? What did you expect me to do-throw you a kiss?

more that we should not be naïve since this was no triumph for the methods of the present government, but reflected the influence of the combined Latin American republics. We owe Sumner Welles a debt of immense gratitude for the clarity of his exposition and the timeliness of his opinions when they have definitely run counter to the settled convictions of millions of our people.

The comprehensiveness of Welles' grasp of the world in which we live may be gleaned from a careful reading of his popular volume, Time for Decision. Here we have the story of his mission to Europe in 1940; his healthy pessimism at the course of events; his knowledge of the Orient where he once served in the American embassy in Tokyo. His full participation in the thought and conclusions of the late President becomes extraordinarily clear as we read this illuminating volume. There may be grave discrepancies of opinion regarding his solution of the German question. Many doubt the efficacy of the partition of the German people which he proposes. None will doubt the historical and diplomatic scholarship which he brings to bear on the problem.

One might think that years in the Department of State, where literary style is distinctly not encouraged and a type of stylistic straight jacketing is the rule, would not be conducive to effectiveness of expression. Welles writes in a lively manner. Not only his articles and latest books, but his other publications bear witness to this assertion. He wrote in 1928, during a brief period of eclipse when he retired from the active diplomatic scene, the best book in English on the Dominican Republic. It has the earmarks of sound scholarship. He is still cited in the Dominican Republic as the one American whose volume on that republic has stood the test of the years.

Sumner Welles was fully aware as Under Secretary of State of the various sectors of public opinion in the United

States. His cordiality to Catholic interests is well known. His friendship with Monsignor Michael Ready, then Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, was one of the sources of considerable understanding of the Catholic position. In his writings his references to the Vatican and the place of the Holy Father in the world today reflect a profound moral sense; a sense of values that transcend politics is evidenced.

There were those in the Department of State who regarded Welles with considerable awe; were constantly disconcerted by his capacity for keeping a finger in even the most insignificant problem. There were some who believed him to be aiming for the post of Secretary of State and in so doing arranging that persons identified with his policies and thinking be placed in strategic positions. There were some who were annoyed or pretended to be annoyed at his entree in the White House, his close connections with the late President, and the cordiality of his friendship with Mrs. Roosevelt.

HAVE never found one officer of the State Department, especially among the rank and file, who did not concur in the opinion that few abler men had occupied the place of Under Secretary than Sumner Welles. Out in the field, among the foreign service officers of the United States, the same impression prevails. In recent visits to various Latin American countries, the conversation has often come around sooner or later to the absence of Sumner Welles in this time of crisis. I have still to hear one opinion expressed, and I have listened to many, that does not concede that regardless of personalities, Welles represented a tower of strength in the Department of State, and that since his departure the Department has taken a veritable nosedive.

No one who has ever worked under him can ever forget the amazing ability to retain details which Sumner Welles invariably displayed. One incident stands out in my memory in this connection. The Division of Cultural Relations was established in the Department of State in the summer of 1928. During the autumn of that year the new chief of the division was assigned to the Lima Conference and proceeded afterward to tour South America. I was left as acting chief of the division which was barely under way and with virtually none of what are known in orthodox government circles as "directives." The only person to whom I could turn was the Under Secretary of State, under whose supervision the new division had been placed. I saw Mr. Welles very rarely. But rare was the day on which a little chit with his impossible-to-confuse SW did not appear in my basket.

He was perfectly aware of all that went on. He guided, suggested, and ordered with a precise knowledge of what he wanted, which seemed incredible in the light of the innumerable other tasks before him. On one occasion there was some talk of sending certain distinguished musicians from the United States to Latin America as the forerunners of those cultural missions in which we have indulged so frequently of late. I proposed four names for the consideration of the Under Secretary, preliminary to sending out the appropriate letters. Within three hours my memorandum was returned with a slightly caustic quip on the margin calling my attention to the fact that one of the persons listed had recently died and perhaps it would be well not to give him serious con-

sideration.

Sumner Welles revealed more than a perfunctory interest in the way the program of the Department was working out. American diplomacy has traditionally been far behind the European in the field of marginal activities. If we compare it with the French before the war or even the British, we recognize that it was pretty much routine, limited to the day-by-day exigencies of political accommodation and relations. The reform of American international thinking along broader lines may be attributed in large part to the fact that Sumner Welles was not content that the United States should restrict its approach to other peoples to the purely political.

The Good Neighbor Policy, unquestionably the most remarkable achievement of the Roosevelt administration and in large measure the work of Welles, meant that this country for almost the first time was unwilling to follow the old routine. There were many in the foreign service who did not overly sympathize with the innovations. There were undoubtedly many, and a large GN

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number of them still, who believed that much of the cultural, and even the economic, activities now engaged in are pure and unmitigated froth with no real purpose aside from a certain amount of window decorating. Sumner Welles is essentially a man who sees diplomacy on a far wider scale. His own capacity for minutiae and detail, his unwearying and unrelenting devotion to the task at hand, led him into these wider aspects of diplomacy.

Perhaps he was too exclusively personal in these matters. It has often been said that Welles was a one-man Department. To those of us who labored as underlings, the Under Secretary of State was the top layer. To him everything went. The Secretary was a little bit out of this world and did not fit into any practical scheme of operations. Some have criticized Sumner Welles for creating his own machine within the Department. He had, of course, his own men, those who have left since he resigned his post. He was definitely the man for all decisions in matters relating to the other American republics. His own keenness of perception made one feel that his incisive mind grasped the essence of even the most insignificant problems. His sureness of decision was a godsend in a Department where normally a vast amount of paper is used in constant buck passing; where conflicting initials and observations cover reams of memoranda, and more often than not a question raised in a dispatch from the field or in the draft of an instruction on a given matter is literally swamped under an ocean of opinions which merely muddy the waters.

Sumner Welles the person is another thing. His physical bearing is overwhelming. His austerity of manner and coldness sometimes create the impression of a sort of depersonalized human being who lives in a self-created shell of remoteness and aloofness. His dress, his cane, his precision of speech, and the atmosphere of refinement in which he moves certainly do not make him a man of the people.

Probably much of this has little to do with his intimate sentiments. I have heard numerous Latin American diplomats in and around Washington swear to the authenticity of his cordiality and human warmth. Obviously he is no glad hander, no candidate for the presidency of the Sunshine Climate Club of Phoenix, Arizona. He would probably make an extremely bad politician in the electoral sense of the word.

It would of course be inaccurate to assume that Sumner Welles was exclusively concerned during his service in the Department of State both as Assistant Secretary and later as Under Secretary with inter-American affairs. Never-

theless his name is inevitably linked with this aspect of the foreign policy of the United States more than any other. He began his long diplomatic career in Argentina, for which country he has manifested a deep and growing sympathy. He served as one of the youngest chiefs of the then Latin American division of the Department. He was American Ambassador to Cuba during the critical liquidation of the infamous Machado regime. In Central America and the Dominican Republic he has rendered distinguished service to the cause of arbitration. In the Department itself he was specially charged with the direction of affairs touching the other American republics, and in this field his outstanding abilities unquestionably were most brilliantly displayed.

S UMNER WELLES has always been one of the staunchest anti-interventionists in Hispanic America. In his Time for Decision he tells us that "it has always seemed to me most tragic that Wilson, in spite of his enlightened views, should have authorized the military occupation of both Haiti and the Dominican Republic. These unjustifiable interventions, carried out in the years prior to 1917, when Wilson was gravely preoccupied with the problems arising from the first World War, at once alienated the sympathies of the other American nations and fatally undermined their confidence in the sincerity of Wilson himself."

· The story of the influence of Sumner Welles on all phases of our Inter-American policy would be a long one. The revision of the treaty with Panama, the huge success of the Buenos Aires conference of 1936; the celerity with which this government acted at the time of the outbreak of war in the various consultative conferences held in Panama, Havana, and Rio de Janeiro; these are monuments to the patience, the statesmanship, and the inflexibly honorable position of the Under Secretary of State. Sumner Welles rendered yeoman service to his people in times of great stress. He managed to maintain in conference after conference sane principles which have borne rich fruit.

The document produced at Chapultepec, one of the most brilliant statements to come out of an Inter-American conference, was merely the logical conclusion of diplomatic activity carried on over the years. The fact that today we do have a solidarity of purpose in the present war is the best testimony to the tenacity with which Sumner Welles has labored long and diligently for the establishment of decent principles as the basis of international conduct. The best tribute to his integrity and vision was the reaction over all Hispanic America when he left the Department of State. I was in Latin America at the time. Even the man in the street, far removed from the atmosphere of international conferences or the foreign office, felt instinctively that a great friend was miss-

It is a great pity that in these times. Sumner Welles should be absent from the American delegation to San Francisco. As we look at the scene and glance at the American representation, there can be little doubt that it is far from being as strong as we would like to see it. The issues at San Francisco are tremendous. The greatest diplomat this country has produced in a couple of generations is not present in any official capacity. The absence of Welles at this conclave for the formulation of the bases of an international organization is a painful and tragic loss. We may well appreciate its significance in the years to come.

Welles will probably never be a popular figure. Some say that he may aspire to a senatorial seat from Maryland. There have been constant rumors that he may return to the Department of State under the Truman Administration. The sanest arrangement, it seems to me, is that put forward some months ago by the distinguished publicist Hubert Herring, that once the Argentine Government is recognized, as it is today, to send Sumner Welles as American Ambassador. Unfortunately this did not come to pass.

Footnotes to Fame—XVI

▶ One of Mark Twain's bad habits, in the eyes of his wife, was his custom of calling on neighbors without his collar or tie on. One afternoon upon his return from a neighborhood visit in the usual degree of undress, his wife roundly scolded him for his negligence. So Clemens departed for his study and in a few minutes sent a small package back to the neighbor's house. An accompanying note read as follows:

"Just a while ago I visited you for something like a half hour minus my collar and tie. The missing articles are enclosed. Will you kindly gaze at them for thirty minutes and then return them to me?"

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Nipponese Intrigue

James Cagney's second venture as an independent producer develops into an exciting melodrama in the best spy-yarn tradition and a searing indictment of the Japanese militarists who plotted world conquest back in 1928. BLOOD ON THE SUN is continually interesting and spasmodically spinetingling as it details the Tokyo adventures of an American newspaperman who uncovers the sinister plan devised by Baron Tanaka, Premier of Japan.

The film relates how the war lords and industrialists develop a pattern for the defeat of China, the United States, and then the world. Their Tanaka Memorial Plan falls into the hands of a reporter who attempts to smuggle it out of the country. The secret police murder him, but the Plan has been passed on to editor Cagney who then becomes the target for the Tanaka hirelings. Although portions of the story strain credulity, the general effect is tensely chilling and convincing.

Cagney handles his role with familiar aggressive gusto, and expressionless Sylvia Sidney is well cast as a Eurasian girl working for China. John Emery, Robert Armstrong, Rosemary DeCamp, Wallace Ford, Jack Halloran, Rhys Williams, and Hugh Beaumont add sharply etched characterizations to a story of international intrigue that is exciting and taut. (United Artists-Cagney)

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is a distinguished and highly dramatic screen version of the Marcia Davenport novel with Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, and Lionel Barrymore in the leading roles. An effective blend of labor-capital conflict and romance set against a background of the Pittsburgh steel mills in the 1870 era, it derives much of its power from the individual interpretations of the stars and the supporting players.

In the early scenes of this saga of a steel fortune, Miss Garson appears as a young Irish girl employed as a house-maid in the mill owner's home. The family soon comes to depend on her as a friend and adviser rather than a servant, but when the oldest son falls in love with her, she goes to England to escape the inevitable complications. However, the family, realizing the foolishness of class barrier, asks her to return and marry the son. On the eve of the wedding, her father, who was the implacable foe of the mill owner, murders him during a labor crisis and is killed by the company guards.



In "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney and Sylvia Sidney are hunted by Japs who planned world conquest in 1928

The barrier of blood proves stronger than that of money, and the marriage is canceled.

The climax, which comes several years later, is dramatic and, to a degree, convincing. Though occasionally long-drawn-out it manages to be steadily engrossing, handling the labor-capital conflict with admirable restraint and neutrality. In addition to the fine characterizations of the leading trio, there are splendid portrayals by Marsha Hunt, Donald Crisp, Gladys Cooper, Preston Foster, Dan Duryea, Marshall Thompson, John Warburton, Arthur Shields, Jessica Tandy, and Reginald Owen.

An adult story produced on a lavish scale and enhanced by intelligently shaded performances, *The Valley of Decision* belongs on the list of superior emotional studies. (MGM).

Reviews in Brief

The perfect crime again attracts the attention of the moviemakers, this time in an absorbing, well-acted variation entitled CONFLICT. Humphrey Bogart, less mannered and more convincing than usual, appears as the perpetrator, and Sydney Greenstreet is a shrewd criminologist who discovers the tiny defect in the perfect alibi. Alexis Smith, Rose Hobart, Pat O'Moore, and Charles Drake round out the cast in this taut mystery recommended for the adult detection fans. (Warner Brothers).

COUNTERATTACK is a vigorous and intense drama built around an incident of war on the Russian Front. Eight members of the then potent Nazi Army are held at bay in a bombed cellar by a Red paratrooper and a young girl partisan. For more than a week they play the deadly game of cat-and-mouse, each side believing his own forces will arrive first. Meanwhile the man and girl attempt to secure from the enemy group vital, tactical information. Though interest often lags and the propaganda content is high, many of the scenes are brilliantly executed. Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman, Larry Parks, and George Macready are splendid in the leading roles of this tense adult melodrama. (Columbia).

John L. Sullivan, who reigned for years as undefeated heavyweight champion, is the subject of Bing Crosby's first effort as an independent producer. THE GREAT JOHN L is an ambitious attempt, and it is continually interesting, but the pedestrian pace of the direction and the tendency toward

repetition detract from its effectiveness. Greg McClure does well as the champion who finally overcomes his strongest opponent, alcohol. Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton are adequate as the feminine interest in a preponderantly masculine atmosphere. Lee Sullivan impresses favorably in his brief singing moments, and Otto Kruger, J. M. Kerrigan, and Wallace Ford handle their roles capably. Though not a sensational success, this prizefight drama does belong on the credit side both for its entertainment value and because it successfully presents a strong moral argument without being preachy. (United Artists-Crosby)

SON OF LASSIE combines an extraordinarily beautiful Technicolor production with a simple, melodramatic story of canine bravery and intelligence. Laddie, offspring of the famed Lassie, follows his grown master into an RAF training camp, smuggles aboard his reconnaissance plane, and parachutes into Norway when the craft is hit. There, adventure really begins against a background as stunning as any the screen has presented. This spectacle of natural beauty and animal training is recommended unreservedly for the entire family. It has thrills, pictorial splendor, and all the ingredients of good, solid entertainment. Donald Crisp, Peter Lawford, June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, and Nils Asther help out considerably. (MGM).

Hillbilly nonsense which started out to be a satire and wound up as a somewhat ridiculous slapstick, MURDER, HE SAYS is a unique blend of mystery and farce. Fred Mac-Murray is starred as a polltaker who sets out to sample public opinion in the mountain area and winds up involved in murder, feuds, and brawls. Whatever else can or cannot be said for this strange mixture, it can definitely be classed as original. Marjorie Main, Helen Walker, Jean Heather, Mabel Paige, and Porter Hall are the others in the cast of what may aptly be called "characters." On the adult list. (Paramount).

The camera again focuses on a wartime romantic involvement in THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, a scrubbed version of the recent stage play. In dramas based on nothing more substantial than affairs of the heart, the pendulum usually swings either to excessive suggestiveness or exaggerated sentimentality. Though cloying at times, this oft-told tale is saved from saccharinity by the intelligent playacting of Robert Young, Laraine Day, Ann Harding, and Bill Williams. Their brisk performances serve as an adequate antidote in this adult diversion of average merit. (RKO).

Radio gagman Fred Allen essays another of his periodic screen ventures in IT'S IN THE BAG. The result is side-splitting if you find the Allen air antics humorous; merely hilarious if you are not particularly Allen-minded. The plot is a negligible factor, but a full quota of laughs is the compensation provided in this adult funfest which also features contributions by Don Ameche, Jack Benny, Jerry Colonna, Victor Moore, Rudy Vallee, Robert Benchley, William Bendix, Binnie Barnes, and John Carradine. (United Artists).

A melodramatic and fast-moving vignette set in a wartorn village, CHINA SKY is an interesting adaptation of the Pearl Buck novel. Principal characters are an American doctor, his wife, and a group of their associates who work in a primitive Chinese village under almost constant Jap air attack. Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick, and Ellen Drew are efficient enough to make their stenciled roles stand out against the vivid background of an exciting yarn with a strong climax. Recommended for adult audiences. (RKO).

Musical Fantasy

CAROUSEL, a musical adaptation of Ferenc Molnar's Liliom, is the latest in the parade of Theatre Guild hits. The creative genius responsible for Oklahoma has again been employed in the production of this highly successful musical fantasy. If they have been a shade less imaginative and sensational, the result of their collaboration is still far superior to the average run of musical shows.

Books devised for musical comedies and operettas are notoriously inadequate, but in this instance it is the story, rather than the musical interludes, which dominates. Though the plot and the characters of the popular Molnar play remain intact, the setting has been shifted from Hungary to the New England of 1873. It is the story of a dashing, swaggering carousel barker and the pathetic little mill girl he marries. Their union is not too happy, for the blustering braggart is helpless in the face of responsibility. After an abortive hold-up attempt, he commits suicide. In the final scene he is brought back to earth so that he may do one good deed.

If the story is unsatisfactory, the music, the dances, the settings, and above all, the performances are not. John Raitt is sensationally good both as a singer and actor. His interpretation of an unusually difficult role verges on perfection.

Lionel Barrymore denounces the wealthy mill owners to Greer Garson, his daughter in "The Valley of Decision." Gregory Peck and Preston Foster look on



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"Son of Lassie" is the story of a dog who follows his master to war. Peter Lawford with Lassie and Laddie



Humphrey Bogart attempts the perfect crime when he kills his wife, played by Rose Hobart, in "Conflict"

Jan Clayton, a young movie actress, is also making her Broadway debut, bringing charm, a wistful beauty, and a lovely voice to the theater. Others who are prominent in the cast and contribute handsomely to the show are Jean Darling, Jean Casto, Bambi Lynn, Christine Johnson, Russell Collins, Eric Mattson, Peter Birch, Annabelle Lyon, and Murvyn Vye.

Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd have supplied a cheerful, rousing score topped by "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "If I Loved You," and "This was a Real, Nice Clambake." The ballet numbers have been created by Agnes DeMille, the settings by Jo Mielziner, costumes by Milo White, and the staging by Rouben Mamoulian, Oklahoma veterans all.

Already a financial hit of sizable proportions, Carousel cannot be recommended unreservedly because of its occasional dependence on suggestiveness in lyrics and dialogue.

Anti-Faselst Charade

Edward Chodorov, who has earned bravos for some of his . previous plays, is conspicuously less successful in his latest, an anti-Fascist charade which he has tagged COMMON GROUND. In it, a group of USO entertainers find themselves prisoners of the Nazis, who offer them the choice of appearing for audiences in Germany or the firing squad. After three acts of pro and con debate, the group marches off singing-to face Nazi guns rather than Nazi audiences. The idea is good, but it is marred by stock situations, incredibly bad dialogue, and an inexcusable lack of dramatic action. Only the players succeed in creating a favorable impression on the viewer, and they do so in the face of the stiff obstacles provided by Chodorov's amateurish craftsmanship. Luther Adler, Philip Loeb, Paul McGrath, Mary Healy, Donald Murphy, Joseph Vitale, and Nancy Noland are featured in this wheezy exhibition.

Exploitation Methods

Almost anyone who has spent more than an hour of his life in a motion picture theater knows that the entertainment provided on the screen usually bears scant resemblance to the lurid poster displays and advertising designed to exploit the picture and attract an audience. Some strange quirk of the advertising mind evidently dictates that any similarity

between the picture and the "come-on" must be purely coincidental and as slight as possible.

The practice of appealing to the lowest tastes was given considerable prominence recently in relation to the advertising conducted for the English film, Colonel Blimp. While the poor taste exhibited in the copy and artwork of this campaign attracted attention, it is by no means an unusual example. This unsavory tendency of emphasizing the sex angle in publicizing a motion picture is practically standard procedure. Neither intelligence nor good taste enters into the conference room when the plans are being drawn for super campaigns—if the sex-saturated results on display in almost every theater lobby are any indication.

This is but one regrettable result of our national inclination to put all appeals on an emotional, rather than an intellectual, basis. Unfortunately, the urgings of the movie exploiters seem contentedly geared at a very low level.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

Ten Little Indians, Hats Off to Ice, Song of Norway (on tour) Ramshackle Inn, Harriett

FOR ADULTS:

The Glass Menagerie, Up in Central Park, Oklahoma, Life with Father, The Late George Apley, Harvey, I Remember Mama, Bloomer Girl, The Hasty Heart, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, The Deep Mrs. Sykes (on tour) Carmen Jones, Rosalinda, The Tempest, Sing Out, Sweet Land, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, The Searching Wind, Blossom Time, Abie's Irish Rose, Othello, The Student Prince

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

Kiss and Tell, Anna Lucasta, Seven Lively Arts, A Bell for Adano, Carousel, Dear Ruth, On the Town, Hope for the Best, Laffing Room Only (on tour) Blithe Spirit, One Touch of Venus, Over 21, The Two Mrs. Carrolls

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

School for Brides, Dark of the Moon, The Overtons, Follow the Girls, The Voice of the Turtle, Foolish Notion, Kiss Them for Me (on tour) Catherine was Great, Blackouts of 1945, Good

Night Ladies

The account of one man's plan that has worked. Begun in March 1941 it well may spread

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THIS is Middletown, made famous by the Lynds. Middletown lies in what is probably one of the least Catholic communities north of the Mason and Dixon Line. In all the county of which Middletown is the seat there are eighty thousand people, and of these eighty thousand there are fewer than three thousand Catholics. These are members of the only two parishes in Middletown-the only two Catholic parishes in the county. It is no exaggeration to state that of those Catholics under thirty years of age few indeed have not at least one Protestant grandparent. The older parish (we'll call it San Lorenzo) numbers four hundred and seven families of whom very nearly half are "mixed."

There is one phase of Catholic action so distinctive at San Lorenzo's that the writer would wish to bring it to the attention of the readers of The Sign that it may shine like a good deed in a naughty world.

The visitor entering the church on a Sunday morning sees confronting him two long tables laden with all that is best in American Catholic periodical literature. There they are, some of the old-timers like the Ave Maria, still redolent of the fragrance with which dear old Father Hudson endowed it. There

Experiment In Middletown

By R. A. GREENE

is the Catholic World, which came into Grandfather's home, fit companion of Patrick Donahue's Boston Pilot when John Boyle O'Reilly and later James Jeffrey Roche did yeoman service for the poor and beaten flock of Irish, the pusillus grex that was the Catholic Church in the America of their day. And there is America and Extension and The Sign and some thirty others whose attitude never deviates from a strict adherence to Sentire cum Ecclesia.

You scan this vast array and take one, two, three of the magazines. You look for some slit into which to drop your coin. There is none. As you leave the church after Mass you see the people walk by and take this paper or that or even half a dozen, and you wonder. To satisfy his curiosity, the writer called on the pastor, a youngish old man, and asked for the story—and the story runneth thus:

The experiment was launched in March 1941. Two pews were removed from the rear of the church, a four-Mass schedule having made them dispensable. A carpenter built two tables, each twelve feet long. A supply of pamphlets was bought from Our Sunday Visitor, the Paulist Fathers, The America Press, The Queen's Work, and the Society of the Divine Word. A number of our leading Catholic periodicals was subscribed for in limited numbers. The pamphlets largely predominated. The experience of the pastor in a smaller parish was of value. The proposed experiment was thoroughly explained from the pulpit. There were misgivings and fear of failure. Would the people respond? Our Catholic people will not read Catholic papers, we have been told so repeatedly and with such insistence that we have come to believe it.

The people were told that the little altar boys would pass a very small basket after the communion. This was not to be considered a collection. The money would not find its way into the parish treasury. No credit would be given in the printed reports of contributions. The people would never be urged to give. Nothing would ever be said if they failed to give. What they gave would be payment for the papers they intended to take or had already taken from the tables. Of course, if anyone out of zeal for the cause wished to give more than enough to pay for what he took, his offering would be gratefully accepted. Every cent received would be spent immediately for more periodicals and pamphlets, but no more than was received would be spent.

The pamphlets went in a hurry.

Obviously their point of saturation was rather quickly reached. So more magazines were subscribed to. The people took to the idea with an enthusiasm that has never abated for an instant, and now after fifty months the venture has ceased to be an experiment in becoming a proved success.

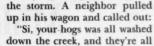
Throughout the first twelve months the average receipts each Sunday were about \$28.00. They now average \$42.00, sometimes reaching a high of \$50.00, and the average is slowly but consistently increasing. Neither the pastor nor the writer has ever heard one word of criti-



A carpenter built two tables-the magazines were arrayed-the experiment was on

Misery Loves Company

A cloudburst had hit the rural region during the night. In the morning, a farmer was sitting on his porch, moodily regarding the ravages of



dead."

"That's bad," Si said. "How about Hawkins' hogs?"

"They're gone too."

"And Larson's?"

"All washed away." "Well," exclaimed the farm-

er, cheering up, "'tain't as bad as I thought.'



cism of the plan. There has been enthusiastic praise from every quarter. This has been particularly true of those of our members who teach in the public schools. The Missionary Catechists, who spent four weeks in the parish last summer making a house-to-house canvass of Catholics and non-Catholics, called this the highest form of Catholic Action and reported that everywhere they saw papers and pamphlets taken from the church tables.

Parishioners from other parishes have come and taken generous supplies of the papers for the "folks back home." Magazines have been taken and sent to the pastor of a small parish for distribution.

Yes, it still remains a fact that it is only the minority of the parishioners who take the papers, but the minority bids to become a majority. The people have been trained to return their papers after reading them. This they do by armloads. These papers so returned are distributed in the local hospital, the county infirmary, in the jail, to callers at the rectory, to the sick in their homes, to converts under instruction-to these last in liberal doses.

It would be an interesting study to try to learn just what it takes to make a Catholic paper click. San Lorenzo's pastor thinks that a Catholic paper should sell itself without any direct appeal to the Catholic conscience. Isn't such appeal a slight admission of defeat? In no one of the four splendid British Catholic weeklies, all published in London, each with a world-wide circulation among English-speaking Catholics, will one ever find an appeal to the Catholic conscience to elicit a subscription.

It is true that a bit of ballyhoo now and then may help, but it must be honest or it may have an unfavorable kickback. The pastor calls the attention of the congregation to a series of articles in THE SIGN; he tells them to be sure to read the series on the molders of public opinion and, presto, THE SIGN disappears before the third Mass. He bids them read Father Gillis' pungent commentary on Stalin or international morals or the New Deal, and the old Catholic World takes wings.

Let none of the reverend brethren, however, think that results can be attained without real effort. Magazines and papers come; they must be unwrapped, taken to the sacristy, and on Saturday afternoon displayed on the tables in an attractive way. Many of the magazines have adopted a policy of a monthly change of dress, and this helps sell the paper. Extension, THE SIGN, The Rosary, The Queen's Work deserve mention. Pictures sell papers. Good photographs are usually more attractive than sketches or drawings, unless the latter have real artistic merit. An abundance. of quality book reviews is a drawing feature for the more intelligent and more cultured reader. For excellence in this department the Catholic World, America, and THE SIGN merit honorable mention.

During the current year at the present rate of distribution nearly 33,000 pieces of Catholic periodical literature will have been absorbed by Middletown through the efforts of the San Lorenzo parishioners.

HE writer has visited numerous Catholic churches in thirty states of the Union, and in many churches he has seen pamphlet racks with a coin box conveniently placed and price per pamphlet clearly marked. But he doubts whether in all America one may see so attractive an array of Catholic periodicals week after week where all are urged to take freely, no questions asked and no offering solicited then and there.

At least two editors have written the pastor asking for information as to "how he does it." Part of the answer is that by buying in quantity lots subscription prices are reduced greatly, in some instances fifty per cent. Months ago the writer, a member of another parish; seeing this work so utterly unique in our country so far as his observation has gone, endeavored to gauge the reaction on the part of the beneficiaries of this novel work. He made inquiries in homes where he had seen this reading matter and everywhere he met with enthusiasm for the plan.

"I never knew we Catholics had so many magazines," said one. "I had heard of the existence of this or that magazine but never had the opportunity of reading it," said another. And a third: "The average Catholic has no idea where to write for a magazine until some agent, religious or lay, calls at his home and wheedles out a subscription on a basis of almsgiving. Here we have the whole lot staring us in the face Sunday after Sunday and tempting us to read." "This is the biggest thing that ever happened in our parish," still another said. "It can no longer be said that we Catholics do not read; at least not we in Middletown."

All this has been accomplished in a parish where a professional class is almost absent. One physician, two attorneys, and eight public school teachers are the sum total of the "intelligentsia." One wonders. Would the result be even more or less gratifying in a parish where the proportion of college graduates is far greater than here?

Let us conclude by breaking down the statistics of our San Lorenzo venture. Here is how the papers go:

	St. Anthony Messenger140
	The Sign140
	America (weekly) 45
	The Commonweal (weekly) 65
	Catholic Mind100
	Catholic Digest200
,	Jesuit Missions 50
	The Colored Harvest 50
	The Lamp 50
	The Grail 70
	Missionary Catechist 50
	The Field Afar
	The Queen's Work 50
	The Liguorian 40
	The Catholic World 70
	Catholic Home Journal120
	Orate Fratres
	The Far East 50
	The Ave Maria (weekly) 35
	Medical Missionary 30
	Messenger of the Sacred Heart 120
	Catholic Missions100
	Christian Family 50
	The Catholic Miss 35
	Almanac of the Sacred Heart 100
i	Catholic Herald Citizen (weekly) 100
	The Indiana Catholic (weekly) 20
	With Cod's blessing Middletown w

With God's blessing Middletown will indeed be in transition.

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ON MATTERS OF GREAT OR LITTLE MOMENT

Baseball Yarn

▶ WARREN BROWN TELLS this on "Tacks" Parrott, who played first base in the Pacific Coast League of some years ago. From the "Chicago Sun":

One day, with a runner on second, and not much action going on near first, "Tacks" took an apple out of his pocket and was just about to munch on it when the batter dragged one down past the pitcher. In the play at first base "Tacks" apparently forgot about the apple in his hand until just as the throw reached him.

Then, a bit awkwardly, he flipped the apple away . . . which mistake he attempted to rectify at once, charging after

The runner from second, thinking it was the ball that had escaped Parrott, kept right on going for the plate. "Tacks" saw this in time, and threw the ball home, getting his man in a close play. Then he recovered his apple.

There was a row about that, you may be sure, and a reversed decision, a free-for-all fight, and I don't remember what else, except that "Tacks" had plenty of time to eat his apple, core and all, before any more baseball was played that day.

Essay on the Oyster

▶ HOWARD BLOOMFIELD WRITES a ten-minute essay on the Oyster for "Good Housekeeping." Even those who do not like oysters should find the following excerpts interesting:

There has been considerable speculation about the identity and courage of the first man to eat an oyster. He is, of course, unknown; but it is generally agreed that he was a pretty brave fellow. That this first oyster was eaten a long time ago, however, is a matter of historical record. We know, for instance, that at Roman banquets slaves served oysters other slaves had transported and planted at Lake Lucrinus, to improve their flavor. We know that the conquest of Britain brought new Roman table talk—the oysters from Britain were very good, and some connoisseurs preferred them and tried, no doubt, to describe their subtle difference in flavor. Today there are Americans who get oysterish films over their eyes when they speak of the oysters from Chincoteague, while others insist that nothing is quite so fine as the small Cape May Salt. . . .

Occasionally a diner finds a pearl and is disappointed to learn that it is worthless. Edible oysters do not produce valuable pearls. The true precious pearls come from the East Indian "pearl oyster," which doesn't look like an oyster at all, having a very large fan-shaped, scallop-edged shell. A pearl is an oyster's way of protecting itself against an irritant, a grain of sand or even a parasite, which the oyster coats with the same mother-of-pearl substance that lines its

The oyster's place as a table delicacy was won when people tucked in their napkins and relished food for taste alone. But since dining has run headlong into science, with its solemn calculations of food values, the oyster has new virtues for its admirers. It is a foe of anemia, a builder of rich, red blood. All the vitamins from A through G, predigested glycogen, a good measure of protein are found in the morsel on the half-shell. But its greatest value lies in the minerals which give it flavor: phosphorus, copper, manganese, calcium, and particularly iron and iodine.

In Dutch

▶ WRITING OF THE tribulations of translators, Renee Tallantyre cites the following example of an unsatisfactory translation. From "Tomorrow":

In a book called An Irishman's Difficulties with the Dutch Language, published in Holland and once used there as a school textbook, an Irishman recounts his struggles with Dutch for everyday use. He went to an Amsterdam post office to dispatch a parcel of Haarlem Hopjes to an aunt in Ireland. His problem was to translate "sample of no commercial value" into Dutch. After spending an hour progressing from window to window to buy stamps, stick on labels, fill up declarations, and receive no fewer than seven waxen seals on his parcel of candy, he finished the job. The Dutch for sample was "monster," and the nearest to "of no commercial value" that the P. O. would accept in English was "worthless." The package went off addressed:

Miss Lottie O'Shaughnessy (Worthless Monster) Limerick, Munster Irish Free State

and the lady never answered.

Make Up Our Minds

▶ IN AN ARTICLE in "Woman's Day" Newman Levy protests against the tendency of scientists to change their minds. We quote a few of Mr. Levy's complaints:

It would seem that one generation's science is another generation's poison. Take fresh air, for instance. I have nothing against fresh air myself. I have been breathing it, off and on for many years, and some of my best friends are fresh air addicts. But Science doesn't seem to get itself straight on fresh air. Years ago it was customary to sleep in hermetically sealed rooms. Then came the discovery that fresh air was healthful. Windows were flung open and we all shivered healthily in the damp, drafty night breeze. Now I am told that some doctors believe that many diseases are wafted in on the night air, and windows are on their way down and fresh air on its way out.

But the most staggering about-face of Science in many years was one that I read in the newspapers recently that scientists are beginning to look askance at spinach. I can't say that I blame them very much. I can't think of anything I would rather look askance at. I've been looking askance

at it since I was six and defenseless when my doting mother used to ram it affectionately down my gullet. But just the same, spinach has been one of the foundations of our nation. Our Founding Fathers hated it and were brought up on it. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln always ate all their spinach, or so I was told when I was young. But now scientists are beginning to suspect that spinach, and for that matter, beet tops and swiss chard, hinder calcium assimilation and are not good for the teeth and bones.

As I look back now I can recall the many nights when I used to sit home alone wondering why my calcium wasn't assimilating, little suspecting that I was just one of thousands of innocent victims of spinach poisoning. There is some slight consolation in knowing that Popeye the Sailor's calcium

isn't doing so well either. . .

Another example of the fickleness of Science was that business of bleeding. Years ago doctors used to bleed their patients for every imaginary ailment. Sometimes the patient would get well anyway, which was regarded as a great triumph of Science. Then along came a fellow who spent years in research and at length made the astounding discovery that bleeding causes loss of blood. So cure by bleeding was out, whether it is permanently out is one of those unpredictable things that no one familiar with the vagaries of Science would venture a guess about.

Personals

▶ THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS of China's papers are crowded with personal notices of the following sort, according to Walter G. Rundle, writing in "Editor & Publisher":

Once a boy studying in a nearby city announced his marriage to a girl living in Chungking. The girl in another notice denied they were married, called him names, and the dispute wound up in a lawsuit. In fact, many of the published notices result in lawsuits, and by the same token many lawsuits are settled by public apologies in advertisements.

Under the heading "Life Companion Wanted" an ad

may read like this:

"Young man, 30, college graduate, quite good looking, now working in a bank with sound financial basis, wishes to have a life companion of like standard. Will those interested send a recent picture and a letter to mail box No. 44?"

During the evacuation from Kweichow and Kwangsi provinces the advertising columns were filled with pathetic notices

having all the elements of human interest stories:

"Papa: Mother and I have arrived in Chungking on foot. Sister was lost on the way near Chikiang. Please come to

fetch us at Haitangchi wharf."

"Li Pao-pao, my child. Eager to know whether you have refugeed with school or not. Contact with second Uncle Lo, East Road, Kweiyang, and ask for help. Anyone who will kindly bring her here will be rewarded."

Many newspapers published such notices free of charge.

Hollywood Salesmanship

▶ Washington is finally recognizing the influence of American movies on the rest of the world. From an article by Herman A. Lowe in "American Mercury":

For a considerable time, the Motion Picture Unit of the Department of Commerce, operating under a picayune appropriation from Congress, has kept a file called *Trade Follows the Films*, which has never excited any attention. It took the war to arouse Washington to something it should have known a long time ago. In the file kept by canny Nathan D. Golden, head of the Unit, such items as these appear:

Sweden reports "a growing interest in the use of office

inter-communication systems as a result of seeing this equipment used in pictures."

In Brazil, the American type of bungalow became highly popular because it had been pictured in so many movies.

In a scene from the film, It Happened One Night, Clark Gable peeled off his shirt and, lo and behold, there was no undershirt—just Gable. The repercussion was so terrific in many parts of the world that foreign underwear manufacturers tried to have the scene censored in their countries...

The hatless vogue of Hollywood, reflected in pictures. caused anguish to the hat manufacturers of the world.

And American fashions, American hair-dos, American bathroom fixtures, radios and refrigerators, even American machinery, have been popularized everywhere for years by Hollywood.

Modern Sandman

▶ FROM AN ARTICLE by Lawrence N. Galton in "This Week," we reprint some facts about Max Mann, whose profession is that of slumber specialist:

At two o'clock one morning not long ago, an insomniac in California picked up her telephone and made a transcontinental call. Unable to sleep for weeks, she had tried everything possible, was now desperate for relief,

A few minutes later, after a soothing conversation, her snores were resounding over 3,000 miles of wire. Max Mann

had solved another case.

Every night for a dozen years, this modern Morpheus has played sandman for the nation's toughest insomniacs. He has treated, by the thousands, everybody from movie stars to high-strung war workers.

Interesting facts have come out of his research: California, he finds, is the most sleepless state; Atlantic City, one of the places where people doze off easily. Women have more trouble than men going to sleep, and the worst age for sound slumber is 42 to 50.

Safety First

▶ These paragraphs about a group of men who labor to make our everyday lives safer are taken from an article by Hubbard Hoover in "Saturday Evening Post":

You have been told many times to watch your step, to cross streets only at intersections, to walk, not run, to the nearest exit. There are organizations that labor the year around to make you "safety-minded." But there is one erganization that undertakes to protect you and your property without your doing or even knowing anything about it. This good friend of the lazy man and the careless man—of every man and woman of us if the truth be told—is named "Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc."

You may have noticed that name on the little paper bracelet around the lamp cord, on the radio receiving set, or on a fuseplug, or on the fire extinguisher in the hallway, or on

the oil burner in the cellar. . . .

If you drive to work in the morning, these engineers stop worrying about you for a while. That is because all makes and models of passenger cars have been checked by U. L. for the fire hazard. When you get to the plant, they begin to worry a little bit. That is because many, but not all, of the fire extinguishers, the fire doors, the sprinklers and the explosion-proof switches have been tested by U. L. The untested equipment may be all right but these engineers are a little dubious. After dinner, when you take your family to the movies, they relax again. This is because they feel pretty certain about the deep-front switchboard, the projection booth, the aisle lights and the panic bolts on the exit doors.

Journey Extraordinary

By JOHN W. WHITE

NE of the world's most mysterious honeymoon trips takes place year after year in the months of March and April. It is the winged migration of the newly mated plovers from their winter feeding grounds on the Argentine pampas to their nesting grounds along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, more than 6000 miles away. This is the homecoming from the equally long and equally mysterious flight the young birds made with their parents six months earlier, as soon as they had been taught to fly.

The gray plovers and golden plovers hatch their young well north of the Arctic Circle, along 2000 miles of the shoreline of the Arctic Ocean, stretching from Bering Strait through northern Alaska, the Canadian Northwest Territories, and the Arctic islands to the western tip of Baffin Island, far to the north of Hudson's Bay.

In July, as soon as the young plovers have learned to fly and to find food for themselves, young and old abandon the nesting grounds and cross the Arctic Circle southward.

Those that have gorged themselves on the peninsula of Labrador eventually fly across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Nova Scotia, which seems to be an agreed upon rallying point before the takeoff.

Then there comes a day on which some instinct gives the awaited signal and the plovers start their long oversea flight southward from Nova Scotia to the northern shore of South America, which they cross through the Guianas. If weather conditions are favorable, they cross Bermuda and the West Indies without landing, a nonstop flight of 3000 miles. If the weather is bad, they sometimes land on the various islands that lie along their route.

The birds often run into storms which blow them off their course and force the weaker ones to land. Consequently, golden plovers and gray plovers often have been found at different places along the coast of the United States.

Under normal conditions, however, the birds fly day and night, guided by some mysterious direction-finder that keeps them on their course. At night they can be heard calling to one another to keep the flight together.

The birds are exhausted by the time they reach the South American mainland, but they have covered only half the distance. So they come down in the Guianas and spend several days resting and feeding.

What happens between the Guianas and the pampas is a question to which no one has yet found the answer. There are no reports of plovers having been seen along the Atlantic Coast of South America, and it is presumed that they fly another nonstop flight across the Amazonian jungles and the interior of the continent until they reach their winter feeding grounds on the pampas of the Argentine Republic. If this is so, it means that they fly nearly another 3000 miles without food or rest.

The first plovers begin to appear on the pampas in September, the first month of the Argentine spring. They arrive singly, in pairs, or even sometimes in small groups. Within a few days the stragglers arrive and the pampas are fairly alive with their new inhabitants. They are disheveled, skinny, and completely unattractive and so exhausted that oftentimes their wings will no longer carry them away from dogs, small boys, and other dangers.

When the dry summer season begins in December, the *chorlos*, now fat and slick and dressed in their bright new mating plumage, move to the fields where they can find grain, wild berries, and other seed plants. They remain in Argentina until the summer ends in February. By this time the mating instinct begins to draw them back to the Arctic Circle; the males have picked their mates and they start northward. As the birds are all adults now they do not fly together, as on the southern trip, but take off in smaller groups. But by the middle of March they are all gone.

The northern flight does not follow the route by which the plovers went southward. Another mystery. When the birds leave the pampas, they fly northwestward across the Bolivian plateau, which is nearly two miles above sea level, until they come to the Andes. They do not cross the mountains but follow them northward to Panama and Central America. They cross the tip of the Yucatan Peninsula and then set out across the Gulf of Mexico to the Mississippi Delta and then up through the Mississippi Valley and Canada to the shores of the Arctic. Immediately upon arrival, they seek out small depressions in the still frozen ground, line them with what straw they can get together, and the little females begin laying their eggs.

What mysterious urge causes these birds to set out on these long flights? What strange instinct guides them along their route? Why do some birds of the same species go one way and others another? Scientists would like to know.

The United States Department of Agriculture sent a commission to Argentina several years ago to put identification bands on the legs of hundreds of plovers caught while feeding on the pampas and then released again. These bands identify birds at both ends of the long flight and so prove that the migration actually occurs. When bands are found on dead, injured, or exhausted birds in North or South America they help establish the routes of the flights. But they provide no answer to the many whys that scientists ask regarding this long honeymoon flight of the plovers, home from the pampas.



EXCURSION Obigail Quigley

There was a muddled misery in Peewee Honder's heart. Out of it he could sort only one thing—he wanted to go on the excursion

THE sun was warm on Peewee Honder's red hair, and the coating of tar on top the barge was fragrant in the heat. Out in the middle of the river there was only an occasional ripple to indicate the swift current which moved steadily, easily, toward the south.

It was a good day on the river, but Peewee shifted uneasily. He uncrossed his legs and let them dangle over the side.

Then with a sigh he surveyed the brown lard pail by his side. In it several minnows swam feebly about in murky, lukewarm water. Twelve altogether—if you could count the one floating on its side with its gills barely working. He poked it down into the water with a stubby forefinger, but, in a very ungrateful fashion, the sickly thing rose to the surface, fluttered its gills once more, then turned on its back with its white belly to the sun.

"Darnation!" said Peewee and fished it out. He swiped at a tingling nose with the back of his fist. Twelve minnows were a basis of exchange at the boat livery; but eleven—old Limpy would never hear of it. But today Peewee was ready to take the most desperate risks. He picked up the willow pole and the pail and started inching his way down the plank to shore."

Halfway down, he stopped and exploded again in the worst oath he knew—"Darnation!" At the top of the slope three quiet figures were awaiting his approach—Slug and Jojo Roman, with their little brother Dippy between them.

A wary truce existed between Hungry Pointers like the Roman kids and Peewee, a West Sider. Usually Peewee dismissed the Pointers as sissies and passed them by, but today he felt uncertain. He had a teasing desire to hear what they might have to say and at the same time he dreaded to hear.

"Hiya, Peewee," offered Jojo, and Slug echoed, "Hiya."

Peewee nodded and slowed his pace. Slug and Jojo shifted uncertainly, not sure whether this encounter was to be friendly or not.

"What you got, Peewee?"

"Minnies."

Slug and Jojo examined the contents of the lard pail. Then, preliminaries over, Slug started on the topic of the day, the supreme topic of all the boys of Wahpeota.

"We're going on the excursion," he volunteered, and his announcement was a vocal badge stamping the Romans with the mark of superior beings. "Are you?"

It was a demand for a caste mark, for the password which would admit Peewee to the ranks of the favored. Without it he sank into the gulfs of nonentity. His large ears reddened slightly. There was a slight faltering in his mumbled "Maybe." His eyes fastened on the laden lard pail as if he had just seen something within of great importance. It was faltering enough to give Jojo a moral courage he had not known he possessed.

"Bet you ain't-I bet you ain't!" he

challenged. Slug gasped at his brother's daring. Then he, too, realized that their former enemy was caught offguard and weighed down.

"Yeah, you ain't going," he gibed.
"I am so!" Peewee's retort was loud but shaky and constituted a mere formality.

"You ain't never been on a excursion, I bet," Slug seized on a new theme of insult and attack.

"Oh, yeah, is that so!"

"Yeah, that's so!"

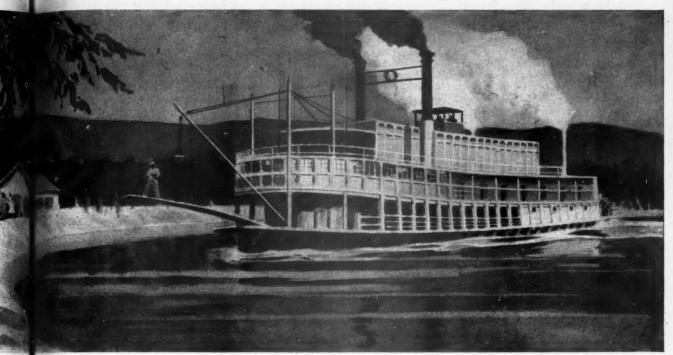
They struck the first period in the ritual of conflict and paused, eying each other. The morning had been long and disappointing. Peewee's eyeballs smarted. In the moment that he hesitated, he lost the offensive for good. Jojo sprang to the attack.

"You can't go-you ain't got no money!"

"You're a liar!" He did too have money-fifteen cents. Fifteen cents and he needed forty.

"O.K. If I'm a liar, what for are you fishing minnies?" Jojo raised his voice and retreated a few steps to rejoin Slug and Dippy, who had already withdrawn. "What for does your old lady go out washing?"

Peewee was hardly conscious of putting down the lard pail and the fish pole, but, by the time he straightened up, Jojo and Slug were halfway up the block, almost carrying a dangling Dippy between them. He'd catch them, thought Peewee fiercely, he'd show them. A jeering chant carried to his ears,



The paddle wheel dripped slowly. Peewee's eyes were on the deckhand, who rode the swinging gangplank

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Old Lady Honder has to wash clothes . . ."

He grabbed at the roadway for any rock at all. Through a blur he saw his first throw clear the Romans by a foot. In a fury he threw rock after rock with all his strength. A startled yelp told him that one had hit home.

Shaking, Peewee picked up his pail and pole and started down the spur track which ran between the river and the road toward the mill. His shoulder was sore. His toe stubbed on a tie, but not until he was quite out of sight of the Roman house did he set down the pail and wipe his eyes. There was a muddled misery in his heart. Out of it he could sort only one thing—he wanted to go on the excursion. Limpy just had to take his minnies!

Limpy's Boat Livery was a ramshackle green hut on a raft below the old levee. Rowboats and skiffs bobbed up and down a little in their water stalls at each side, and one small cabin cruiser drifted at anchor downstream. The plank bridge from the bank to the raft bounced springily as Peewee crossed. Limpy and a few of the town loafers were sitting under the little lean-to roof on the river side of the hut. They were staring contentedly at the broad, slow river and the dark trees of the Wisconsin bottoms steaming under the sun. Limpy's eyes flickered coldly to Peewee. "What ya want, kid?" Peewee held out the splashing lard pail. "Minnies." The man got up and spat into the purling current. He looked at the tiny, stirring fish and grunted.

"Them're more dead than alive. Can't catch no fish with them." He spat again as he launched into a familiar tirade. "Whyn't you kids really try catching fish? Lazy, the whole lot of you—just a bunch of river rats, always wanting something for nothing. I'd be giving away a good government hickel to buy that kind of minnies. I got a business here—them fishermen coming from the cities and Chicago really want good fish bait—ain't going to pay me for nothing, I can tell you that."

It was regular formula. Peewee knew it from long acquaintance, but today his heart burned with resentment. Behind Limpy's head, on the improvised bulletin board, a huge poster flaunted a picture of the steamer Josephine. The picture blurred a little, and the print danced in the hot glare of the sun-"Children, 40 cents." Limpy's growling whine stopped before he got to the part about supporting all the brats on the river. "Well, maybe some fresh water will perk them dead ones up a little," he said hurriedly. "Wouldn't take 'em, mind you, if I didn't have a big party coming this afternoon. Here." He fished a small leather coin purse from his overall pocket and grudgingly extracted a nickel. Peewee clutched it without a

The nickel was comforting in his

Illustrated by DAN SWEENEY

pocket as he went back up the steps to the track. Sun-speckled shade danced in a friendly way on the faces of the River Street houses. Sharp odors of cooking from open kitchen doors made him realize that he was hungry. He broke into a trot along the cinder path near the ties. His feet thumped in a satisfying rhythm along the warm path. But at the trestle he stopped and sat down to think.

Now he had twenty cents—just half of what he needed. Sitting there, the hot sun burning through his shirt with pleasant heat, he felt quite hopeful. He ought to be able to get the rest. He just had to go. There were so many ways to have fun on the excursion. He had heard other kids tell about it from year to year. He could slide and slide on that slick old dance floor. Maybe he could shinny up a pole from one deck to the next. That would sure make those Roman kids just sick.

The thought of the Romans brought him back to cold reality. Where was twenty cents going to come from in one afternoon? Old Lady Horgan might want him to get something uptown. Maybe he could cut somebody's grass. His mind ranged desperately.

The hot summer silence was shattered by the tones of the Angelus bell from the church. Peewee hardly heard. The sound was so familiar. Then, suddenly, he had a startling idea. He could pray for that twenty cents! He stood up slowly, turning the new thought over and over in his mind. He didn't know much about praying. Ma Honder had never had much time to teach him anything except to be a good boy, to go to church on Sunday, and to say his night prayers. But to pray for something—Ma didn't seem to know much about that. It was only this last spring when he had transferred from the West Side School to the downtown Sisters' school that he had learned much about it.

Peewee fought the noontime gnawing in his stomach as he walked homeward slowly. He wished he liked school a little better—he might have learned more about praying. Perhaps praying for money wasn't quite right. Perhaps it wouldn't work. Still, he thought, it wouldn't hurt to try.

He ran down the path from the track through a little jungle of marsh growth as fast as he could toward home. The key was hanging behind the bench on the porch where Ma had left it. He banged the door open in his haste and cut straight across the kitchen to his bedroom. This praying could not be delayed. But on his knees he stopped short.

IN CASES like this, he remembered, it was good to get one of the saints to pray for you. He raked his memory hard. The droning of Sister Angeline's voice seemed very far away. St. Joseph—he was probably too busy—besides he might be kind of in favor of Jojo Roman. St. Anne—he had a vague idea that she was more interested in sick people. It had to be a man saint to understand how important it was that he go to the

excursion, especially now that those Roman kids thought he couldn't. And it sure had to be a fast-working saint. The name came to him with a flash of relief. St. Jude—that's who. St. Jude, the helper in desperate cases. St. Jude that Sister said everybody got mixed up with Judas for so long that he had a lot of help left over, on account of nobody asking him.

Peewee made the sign of the cross and started in. "St. Jude, please pray for me to get twenty cents so I can go on the excursion. Everybody else is going and I just have to go. I ain't gone once yet. Please pray hard, St. Jude. This is a desperate case." He hesitated. There ought to be something more, but that seemed to state his problem. He added a hurried Our Father and Hail Mary and jumped up. He was very hungry.

A deep contentment filled him as he looked at the lunch his mother had put out for him. Bread and peanut butter, cold meat, doughnuts. Propped against a sticky catsup bottle was a note in her labored hand, "Milk in the cellar way. Cover dishes against the flies." Peewee stuffed the note in his pocket. He ate fast. It had been a hard morning. And he had a lot to do.

It was almost six o'clock before Peewee Honder was hungry again. He sat on the curb by the post office, hungry and tired and sore at the world. All afternoon he had trotted around looking for jobs. Five pennies—five little pennies was all Old Lady Horgan had given him for going to the drug store for her. Nobody had trash to carry to the dump. Nobody wanted gardens weeded. Nobody wanted the grass cut. With a last faint trace of hope Peewee had trailed back uptown. And now he

had lost one of the pennies. It was the last straw. "Darnation!" He said it furiously. He shook the sidewalk grating. Two feet below the sidewalk the penny winked as a chink of sunlight hit it. Peewee's eyes stung. "Darnation!" He said it again, clinging to his anger so that he would not cry. That old St. Jude hadn't helped at all!

THE clang of the six o'clock church bell stirred the quiet. The small red head jerked up at the sound. Maybe he should have prayed in church for that twenty cents. Saints might not like prayers in a bedroom when it was for something very special. He turned the idea over in his mind. He didn't really think very much of it. There was an empty place in his heart and in his stomach which his faith in St. Jude did not seem to fill. But he might as well go around that way on his way home. He gave one final kick to the offending grate and set off slowly down the street toward the clanging Angelus.

He made sure that no one saw him go up the church steps. His tug at the door was half-hearted, but the big door gave without a sound. In the chill of the vestibule he stopped as he heard the one-sided step-stop-step which was old Helmer Tarrud climbing down from the belfry. Peewee padded noiselessly down the aisle toward the St. Joseph altar. There was no statue for St. Jude, but this seemed the right place to talk to him. Crouched in the very front pew, Peewee had trouble getting started. It seemed a little hopeless to pray now, no matter how good the saint was at desperate cases. But it would not hurt to try. He braced himself to try. He prayed hard. He explained the whole problem carefully again. And this time in the listening hush of the church he felt very sure that St. Jude heard. All of a sudden it seemed to him that he was certain to go on that excursion.

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His genuflection was a hasty dip, and he went down the aisle almost running. That twenty cents was bound to come almost any minute. It occurred to him that Ma might give it to him. He would go home and see. Anyway, he was hungry.

Ma Honder was making pancakes for supper. She scolded mildly as Peewee came in. "Whyn't you drink that milk this noon? You think I can buy that milk for you to let it get sour? And where've you been all day, coming home dirty that way. Look at you now. Go wash and step lively. Supper's on."

Peewee splashed obediently at the washstand, wondering if St. Jude meant that he was to get the money from Ma. Should he ask her now? It wasn't very much—just enough to add to the fifteen cents and the four other pennies he had



▶ The captain of a certain freighter was a martinet who was noted far and wide for the strictness of his interpretation of facts.

On a certain voyage he had a new first mate. Following an occasion of shipboard revelry, the captain entered in the ship's log, "The first mate was drunk last night." Seeing this, the mate was greatly distressed and pled

drunk last night." Seeing this, the mate was greatly distressed and pled with the captain to strike it off the record. He had never been drunk before, he insisted, he would not be drunk again, and had been off duty at the time of the offense anyway. He pointed out what an unduly detrimental effect such an entry on the log might have on his record.

The captain remained adamant. "You were drunk last night and I can't change the fact. The record will stand."

Much wounded by this, the first mate resumed his duties. That night it fell to his lot to make the next entry in the log for the period of his watch. This he did with malicious scrupulousness of accuracy. Accordingly, the captain next day found on the log the innocently damning statement. "The captain was sober last night."

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The man beside him laughed. "Shecks, I wasn't much bigger'n you first time I did it"

now. Maybe he had better wait to ask until after she had her cakes and coffee. He could hardly eat for watching Ma. She was eating tiredly, her eyes half-shut, but she was quick to notice that he was not eating much.

"What's the matter, Peewee," she asked. "You're not eating enough to tep a cat alive. Here I went to the bother of making pancakes after a hard day's work because I thought you liked them so much. I hope you're not sick on top of everything..."

"Ma," Peewee was breathless with hope, "Ma, can I go on the excursion? I could go if you give me twenty cents—twenty-one, I mean. I got nine-teen. See"—he took the warm coins out of his pocket, trying not to see the look that was settling down on Ma's face—"I tried to get some more all day today, but there wasn't any jobs, except for Old Lady Horgan, she give me five pennics—"

Ma got up heavily and went to the stove. She kept her back to him as she answered, "Where would I get twenty tents with the rent coming due—and besides you'd need more than that. You got to have something to eat on the excursion, and you got to have something to spend. And you ain't got nothing to wear. Next year you can go."

"Aw, Ma," a whole day of desperation was in Peewee's voice, "I could take a lunch, couldn't I? Gosh, all the kids are going!"

"No, I said," Ma banged the griddle farther back on the stove. "Ain't it bad enough I got to work out all day, without you going around whining about this and that? You don't have to be running off to everything that comes to town, for heaven's sake. We ain't made of money."

The slamming screen door cut her short. "Peewee, where you going now?" she demanded, and went to the door.

Peewee did not answer. He was halfrunning, half-stumbling down the path. "Peewee!" Helplessly, he shook his head and ran on. He didn't want Ma to know he was crying. She couldn't help it, he knew. He never would of asked her it it hadn't been for that St. Jude.

Behind him in the doorway Annie Honder dropped her hands to her side. A body didn't mean to be so sharp, but working all day you hardly knew what was what, you got that tired. He was such a little boy yet. He probably had been studying and studying about it in that funny, quiet way of his.

She was in bed, bone-tired, when she heard him come running down the path, making a zooming, screaming noise. He was playing airplane, she realized vaguely from the fog of sleep she could fight off no longer.

"Brrrrrumph - Smash - Bump -

Bang!!!" Peewee made a crash landing in the bridalwreath bushes. It was a perfect copy of the one made by Ace Stangworth in the show he had just seen. But it wasn't very satisfying. He knew he was just playing.

He stepped softly on the back porch, wondering if Ma was still awake. He hoped she wasn't still mad. "G'night, Ma," he ventured from the darkness of the kitchen. A sleepy murmur sounded from Annie Honder's room. Peewee felt his way into his own room and reached for the light cord. In the sudden glare of the single bulb he saw his best clothes laid out on the chair beside his bed. His blue corduroy pants, his white shirt, and his sneakers stiff with fresh white cleaner. Pinned to his shirt pocket was a note. He picked it up slowly.

"Here's a quarter in your pocket. Maybe you can get some candy with the extra. I'll be gone when you wake up, but I'll leave lunch on the kitchen table to take with you. Be a good boy and don't get too close to the rails.

Peewee pulled out the quarter. Round and silver, it blinked in his palm. He could have gone on the excursion. He could of—if he hadn't went to the show. Slowly he took the four pennies from his overall pocket and piled them on the quarter. He turned the little mound with his fingertips. Twenty-nine cents. Twenty-nine cents. Twenty-nine cents. He would have had forty-four. He would have had enough and some over. That St. Jude—what kind of a joke was this to pull on a guy!

The light seemed to hurt his head. He put the money into the shirt pocket, reached up and put off the light. It was easier to undress in the dark. His overall pants dropped to the floor with a gentle thud, and he stepped from them carefully. He crawled into bed slowly, without saying his prayers. Flat on his back he stared at the dark, which seemed to whirl with green specks before his sore eyes. After a long time he started to cry hard—into his pillow.

NCE, just after daylight, Peewee woke up. He burrowed into the covers so that he could sleep again before the little ache in his head and the coldness in his stomach could identify themselves. From then on his sleep was full of uneasy dreams furnished with red barges, gratings, and miles and miles of slippery floor. When Ma Honder banged the door on her way to work, he had to waken finally and face the dark feeling.

It came at once—he wasn't going on the excursion—and he could of—he could of. The sun was bright and cheery in the room, and he yanked up the covers to shut it out, but just for a moment.

Lor

Hollow and blasting, like no other sound on earth or water, a steamboat whistle sent sound waves splashing through the air, even to Peewee's muffled ears.

The Josephine! He pulled down the covers and kicked at them restlessly. She must be at the pontoon at Deer's Landing. The whistle sounded again, not quite so loudly, a giant muttering jovial invitations far off.

Peewee scrambled out of bed and into his best clothes without a second thought. He hesitated about the sneakers, then-pulled them on. He could run faster in them. He could see the Josephine land—and he could see that big guy jump if he ran like heck. Pushing in his shirt-tail, he dashed around the kitchen table, grabbing a doughnut as he ran.

It was a good hard run in the summer morning. As he turned down River Street he could see the crowd milling around the old levee just beyond Limpy's. Upstream there was no sign of the Josephine rounding the bend. Relieved, he slowed to a trot, panting hard. Along River Street doors banged as mothers hurried out, shepherding their charges.

Now that he was here in the midst of them, Peewee felt the cold feeling in his stomach returning. He slowed almost to a walk as he came nearer and nearer the landing place. Suddenly he decided not to go up into the arbor above the road where most of the other kids were. He would go right down by the tying-up tree. He would see everything swell from there.

There was smoke above the willows up at the bend near Parrant Slough and then a speck of white on the river. With maddening slowness the Josephine came into full view, running broadside as if she would plow into the riprap of the Wisconsin bank. Gradually she rounded the bend, the willow-banks fell back into perspective, and in the blue-green glitter of the summer morning the white steamboat rode the current down the

middle of the Mississippi. Peewee whooped joyously.

"There she comes, boy, there she comes! That's some old boat!"

He forgot the cold feeling and the crowd. He danced excitedly on the edge of the bank. When the Josephine neared the Point and splintered the air again with the blast of her whistle, he yelled with feigned terror and covered his ears. From the bank the boat looked bigger than it ever had before.

The paddle wheel dripped slowly; the calliope began piping with loud, piercing sweetness. Peewee's eyes were on the deckhand, who rode the swinging, uplifted gangplank. He was a tall, rangy black man with a wide, white smile. He coiled the landing rope with exaggerated nonchalance, as if he knew nothing of the unsteady slope of his perch and the drop beneath him. The strip of water between the steamboat and the bottom of the bank narrowed.

THE gangplank began to tip forward slowly, and the Negro crouched for his leap to shore. White teeth shining, reveling in his moment, he saluted the gaping crowd and winked straight at Peewee. He had his leap timed perfectly for his Yankee audiences, making it the biggest leap he possibly could -but this time it was a fraction too big. A shower of loose stones slithered down into the water, as he sprawled on all fours on the very edge of the cindered bank. Clawing desperately, he tried to regain his balance while the crowd catcalled and laughed. In that moment the rope coil slipped from his shoulders and slid down the bank, pulled by its

Peewee's hair was a flash of red in the sunlight as he slid down the bank. The end of the rope was just sliding into the water and he grabbed wildly. In his hands the rope burned and tugged. He clenched his teeth and began hauling it up, bit by bit. In a spattering of stones the big deckhand wa beside him, breathless but grinning. Hi hand beside Peewee's on the rope wa dark with surprisingly light nails.

"Thanks a heap, boss. Henry'd sur hate to a lost that rope. Cap'n Blair wouldn't like it at all," he grinned.

Peewee felt a hot flush creep up to his hair. Darnation, he hadn't done anthing. Maybe the guy felt bad about slipping. "I sure wish I could jump like that—the way you do. That's what I'm going to do when I grow up," he proffered generously.

The man beside him laughed, "Sheck I wasn't much bigger'n you first time I did it. Wanta he'p me up the bank with this rope, boss?"

Peewee had never felt such pride. The whole crowd was watching. He made great work pulling his share of the rope up the bank. Once there, he helped cast the rope around the tree. With a great peace in his soul, he squatted with his new friend at the foot of the tree in watch the people mill up the gangplant. Quite a few of those passing made if a point, "Hello, Peewee," or "Hig. Peewee."

"Don' you call him Peewee," chuckled Henry, "This here's the Boss-boy, that's who." He rocked with laughter. Peewe had never seen anyone's stomach shake so with laughing. He was lost in almiration.

The last straggler was on the boat Henry got up lazily and picked up the wedge-shaped platform which sloped from the gangplank to the ground Peewee stood up with sturdy good will A little of the coldness was creeping back, but when the boat was gone it would be all right. Henry cast off the rope and coiled it from his shoulder.

"You watch close, boss," he grinned widely, "so I don't lose this here rope again. Good thing we got a boss look like you here to fetch it. So long, box so long."

The whistle blasted and Henry jumpel on the slowly rising gangplank. Peewer backed off a little to look at the whok boat again. Up above the captain wa waving his arms and shouting right a him, it seemed. The deafness the whisk had left in his ears abated and he list ened with amazement.

"Are you crazy, Henry, you lan loafer," came the captain's hollow shout. "How're we going to land in them other towns today if you ain't got anybod to help you? Bring that new had along!" Henry rocked with laughter and waved at Peewee who stood hesitating bewildered.

"C'mon, boss-jump and I'll ketth

The gangplank was rising steadily "Darnation," said Peewee, and ran and jumped. That there St. Jude!

Power of Imagination



▶ He had never struck such a stuffy hotel in his life. In vain did he try to sleep. He had attempted to open the windows but had found them sealed. He tossed and turned. At last he got out of bed, grabbed hold of a

ne got out of bed, grabbed hold of a shoe, and smashed a window. Then he got back into bed, and fell into a deep sleep, as he felt the refreshing coolness and heard the curtains blowing.

The next morning he had to pay twenty-five dollars for smashing the mirror on the bathroom door.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Planned Parenthood

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WITHIN THE YEAR two articles have appeared on an interesting subject—one in the very scientific American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, the other in the Ladies' Home Journal. The first is titled, "The Effect of Interval Between Births on Maternal Outlook," the other, "How Long Should You Wait Between Babies?"

Both mean the same thing. The latter is based on the former, which is written by Dr. Eastman, a physician at Johns Hopkins University. At the end of the article are the pinions of several other doctors, concurring with the condusions of the article itself. And those conclusions, after many pages of statistics and case histories, really should jolt Planned Parenthooders. Evidently this group is serenely unaware of what the article says, however, for I have before me some of its recent literary output, and much of it does not jibe with the opinions of the doctors. Planned Parenthood, in case there may be someone who does not know what it is (the noise of the campaign must have reached nearly all ears), is nothing but our old friend Birth Control in fancier dress and with a more euphonious name. The honorary chairman is still Margaret Sanger; the names under the committees still read like a Social Register page. It is still to a great extent the work of charitably inclined women of means and leisure. But they really ought to read the article by Dr. Eastman.

For the past twenty years a theory, based on the conclusions of Dr. Woodbury, has been widespread: that frequent dildbearing within a short period of years is dangerous both for mother and child. Even if his figures were good for his day, they evidently are not so today. But Planned Parenthood still uses him as an authority, and the Reader's Digest with its millions of readers quoted his opinion under one of those "true or false" questionnaires recently.

Child Spacing

DR. EASTMAN—and he has an amazing array of cases to prove his contention—says bluntly that child spacing means maternal aging. "Whatever advantage is gained by a rest period of several years seems to be offset and in some respects more than counterbalanced by the aging factor." He made investigations of 40,000 maternity cases and concluded: that babies born one or two years after an earlier delivery have no higher death rate than longer interval babies; that the longer the interval between births the more likely the mother is to suffer from some form of toxemia, and if so she will have even more trouble if she puts off the next baby for some years; that mothers will have no more danger of any sort than if their babies were longer spaced.

Planned Parenthood literature has many quotations from authorities. Dr. Dublin, statistician for Metropolitan Life, is quoted thus: "The control of the birth rate and the death rate gives man the power to determine not only the size but the character of a nation." Planned Parenthood people think

this is what they are accomplishing, but a doctor in the Eastman article says that birth control or child spacing or planned parenthood—"all of which mean the same thing," he says—"might be benefiting to a woman, but it has been my experience that the most eager searchers for such limiting of family are the upper intellectual and economic levels." The figures published concerning reproduction rates of college women, he says, give little cause to exult over the influence it exercises over character.

Child spacing, says Dr. Eastman, means maternal aging, and there are, in later years, greater risks for mother and child. The rest periods advocated seem more than counterbalanced by this aging factor. "The best maternal outlook, we are inclined to believe," he ends, "is that youth is a better ally than child spacing."

Yet Planned Parenthood goes on merrily limiting families, and with the very best intentions, of course. They are aiding those whom they consider the unfortunate, and in a highly educative way. Yet I know of at least one officer high in the federation who, when she learned that a young woman in her town was going to have another baby, and already had a child of four and one of two, commiserated with the girl, in a "you-poor-little-thing" way, despite the fact that the girl was blooming with health and so were the children. The young woman was quite upset by the advice she received and the pills she was urged to take in order to aid her unfortunate condition.

Of course, it is hard to have a lot of small children around the house at the same time, but it has many compensations, and, as the *Journal* puts it, the woman who waits for enough money or time for more children may find some tragic day that "she has postponed too long the hig family she planned."

A Typical Case

ALL THROUGH THE Planned Parenthood literature runs one more annoying thing: a sort of superiority to these poor people of their clinics. Let me quote a "typical case from our records": "Admitted, age 23. Husband on W.P.A. One child. Advised contraceptive technique." How do you like that? On relief, so no more children just now. If next year her husband gets a better job, she may have another child. In other words, if you are rich and educated you may have children. The only trouble with the logic is the rich and educated don't seem to have them.

One could write on this indefinitely. I shall limit myself to one more Planned Parenthood statement. A Fortune poll showed nearly 90% childbearing age women thought knowledge of birth control should be made available to them. "This opinion was shared by 69% of the Catholic women polled." I wish some of my readers would write me what they think of the veracity of this statement. Were any of them perhaps among those polled? I don't want names, but just opinions, not especially from general readers but from the women whom this problem touches.



Gethsemane, the scene of Christ's agony and bloody sweat

Threat to the

By THOMAS J. McMAHON

Way of the Cross over which Christ went to Calvary

BEFORE it is too late, Christians the world over should raise their voices in a united demand that the homeland of Jesus be kept sacred and inviolable. Much has been said for the Arab and his federation, more for the Jew and his national home. With due charity for the aspirations of both, we must still urge the point that the sacred shrines of Christianity's cradle are all in Palestine. Any postwar settlement that ignores this is unjust and sure to crumble.

Long years ago, St. Jerome spoke of what the Holy Land meant to the three Christian centuries that went before him: "The Bishops and martyrs before us, from the ascension of Our Blessed Lord to this very day, all came to Jerusalem, knowing that they would never reach the summit of Christian virtue until they had adored Christ in His Holy Places." So it is not at all fair on the part of those many partisan writers' of our day to urge that the really Christian period in Palestine dates from the Crusades of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. This is a historical lie, because it completely ignores ten centuries of pilgrims, trouping in Jesus' steps from every corner of the Christian world, even from Britain and Ireland.

Even when the hordes of Mohammed came out of sleepy Arabia in the seventh century to cover them with a thick Moslem shadow, the Holy Places remained open and free of access for the Christian pilgrims. True enough, the aged Patriarch Sophronius bowed before Omar the Caliph, at the door of the Holy Sepulchre in 638, and muttered: "The abomination of desolation is in the holy place," but, for centuries after, the pilgrimages went on. It was only when the Turks became the scourge of Christendom in the eleventh century that it was necessary for Urban II to rally the Crusaders to the preservation of Christ's homeland.

Every schoolboy knows that story, and the antiquarian can still see the remains of their castles and their churches. Not always were the ideals of the leaders high, but the motives of the Christian people of Europe were noble: "God wills it!" It was then unthinkable that the footsteps of Jesus and of His first little flock could ever be obscured. This is an idea that should be made more and more clear, now that the postwar

planners move nearer to the completion of their task.

The modern pilgrim to Jerusalem should look with sympathy on the Jews who stand at the Wailing Wall and mourn the loss of their Temple, on the site of which one sees the Moslem Mosque of Omar. The same pilgrim can walk into that Mosque, and he needs very little inspiration to make him realize that the homeland of Jesus is now, in the vast majority, Moslem, while the Christians number a scant 125,000. Still, even the presence of Moslem and Jewish majorities does not take away the historically legitimate claims of Christianity, which has in the Holy Land a stake now twenty centuries old.

Since the Crusades, the Franciscans have been the main guardians of this Christian claim. Today, all over the Holy Land, their hospices and their churches, from the depths of Gethsemani to the heights of Tabor, amid the sweet memories of Bethlehem and Nazareth, in the polyglot clamor of Jerusalem, are the contemporary proof that even the murderous trek of Islam could not expel Jesus from His homeland. Is it possible, then, for those who shall



Monkmeyer Photo
Area of the Mosque of Omar, once site of Jewish temple

he Holy Places

Peace planners must safeguard the sacred character of ancient Christian sanctuaries



At the weeping wall, Jews lament faded glory of Israel

decide its fate to do just this? We hear much today of plans that might.

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The establishment of a Jewish "Commonwealth," which would immediately be unsatisfactory to the Arab majority, could hardly be expected to respect the Holy Places. The federation of parts of Palestine, mainly the middle section, familiar to us as Samaria, with old "Greater Syria," notably Lebanon and Syria, under the British-sponsored Emir Abdullah of Transjordan, while it would allow an independent Jewish State in the rest of Palestine, still disregards the Christian factor. Christ walked in this middle sector of Samaria. There, at Jenin, he cured the ten lepers, and by Jacob's well in Sichem He spoke to the Samaritan woman. The pages of the New Testament are a Christian historical geography of Palestine. No partition of it can satisfy us, because some part of it would thereby be without Christ.

That is why a third plan, the so-called "State or Enclave of the Holy Places," at first sight the best solution for the Christian claims, could never keep Christ in all His homeland. Aside from the fact that such a partition would draw down

the ire of Jew and Arab alike, can we say that the city of Jerusalem and the inclusion of Christian towns like Bethlehem, with a corridor to Nazareth and environs, would include all the Holy Places sacred to the Christian pilgrim? Brother Anthony Bruya, an American Franciscan in Palestine, who is perhaps the most alert of all Catholic writers as to impending woes, rightly says: "The whole land is one Christian sanctuary centering around the Holy Sepulchre of Christ." To piece it up would be the worst of gerrymandering, something like the ephemeral compromise which Frederick II struck with the Sultan of Egypt back in 1229.

When we urge our legitimate Christian claims, we do not wish to disregard what are also claims of justice. For nearly a hundred years, the Jews have been looking toward Palestine as a possible homeland. Their claims lie deep in the dim recesses of Biblical history. Not even their tragic exiles and their dispersion over the face of the earth could erase from their memories their Land of Promise. The bitter persecution which they have been forced to endure in Hitler's Germany and elsewhere made

more actual the need of a place of refuge. That explains the increase in the Jewish population in Palestine from 80,000 after the first World War to nearly half a million at the present time.

Still the Arabs are 70 per cent of the population, and they are solidly united throughout the Near East in denying the legitimacy of the Jewish claims. They, too, have been there for centuries, centuries of Moslem grandeur, and they will not give up what they call "their land" without a long and bloody fight. The Arab rulers in the Near and Middle East may be out of concert on the form their proposed "Arab Nation" will take, but they do have one bond of unity, deep hostility to Zionism. For them, too, Palestine is a homeland, and a land of their shrines. They would recognize no partition of it, and at the present time they have the best of the bargain.

In the past few months the United Nations have been courting the Arabs, not only because their support was valuable in the critical days of the European struggle, but also because in their lands there is much of that precious flowing gold, oil. For years even Hitler directed

his attention toward the Arab countries, and for a brief moment it looked as if his courting would be successful. He did not fail to emphasize the fact that the Arabs had been tricked by British imperialism since the time they gave aid to Lawrence during the revolt in the desert. When the Nazis were poised at Crete, before their fatal blunder of turning on Russia, it looked as if they were going to fulfill the Kaiser's dream of the Drang nach Osten. But that is now an old story, and the new story is much more interesting and certainly far more important.

N February, representatives of Arab Nations went to Cairo to discuss an Arab Union. Perhaps King Farouk of Egypt and the wily Ibn Saud of Saudi-Arabia might have vastly different views on the actual set-up of a possible "Arab Nation," but they heartily agree on the proposals contained in a book published in early 1943 by the premier of Iraq, General Nuri-es-Said. Its 270 pages review the conditions of the Arab States since World War I, and they insist on British obligations to the Arabs. After Yalta, the late President Roosevelt paid his respects to Farouk and Ibn Saud, and thereby recognized the leadership of these rulers at the opposite poles of the Arab "federation."

It is obvious that Britain is unwilling to offend Arab sensitivities or to risk her stake in the Near and Middle East. In his speech of May 29, 1941, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden made this declaration: "The Arab world has made great strides since the settlement was reached at the end of the last war and many Arab thinkers desire for the Arab peoples a greater degree of unity than they now enjoy. In reaching out toward this unity they hope for our support. No such appeal from our friends should go unanswered. It seems both natural and right that cultural and economic ties between Arab countries, yes, and political ties, too, should be strengthened. His Majesty's Government for its part will give its full support to any scheme that commands general approval." As regards the Holy Land, the Arabs are very conscious of the fact that the old Balfour Declaration in favor of the Jews has been largely superseded by the later British White Paper, and that one of the important clauses of this latter is that future immigration of Jews shall not be undertaken without the approval of the Arabs them-

Whatever the outcome of this acute Arab-Jewish problem, the plight of Christianity, not only in Palestine, but also in all the Arab countries of the East is more than problematical. There has never been an example in history of entirely peaceful Moslem-Christian co-existence. On the contrary, there were long centuries of fanatical hostility and periodic wars, terminated only in recent years by a European domination based on force.

The problem of Palestine is unique for the Christian and the Jew, but for the Moslem Arab it is part of a larger picture. Of late, a new plan seems to be maturing in the Near East, and that among Christians. Because of long years of ostracism and persecution by Moslems, and in view of even greater pressure after the setting up of an Arab Union, many Christians now look to the one place in the whole Near East that has a majority of Christians, the little republic of Lebanon. They propose a mass emigration from Syria, Palestine, Iraq, Egypt and Transjordan of all the Christian minorities, who would then take up their abode in a Christian Lebanon. The Moslems of Lebanon, who, by the way, form 45 per cent of its population, would be expected to leave there and go to entirely Moslem lands.

That this plan is fallacious will readily be seen. In the first place, Lebanon itself is in grave danger of becoming a Moslem country. Since 1918 four districts, entirely necessary for its economy, have been added to it, and these are almost wholly Moslem. Besides that more than 50,000 Moslem Kurds came in mass immigration to swell the non-Christian, masses. Add to this the patent fact that the Moslems are far more prolific than the Christian Lebanese, and the possibility of their transmigration to other lands evanesces.

Then, too, this transmigration of Christians would mean the end of Christianity in the lands of Christ and the Apostles. All over the Near and Middle East, millions of Christians, dissident and Catholic, live, as it were, on little islands in the midst of a vast Mohammedan sea. Their presence is a guarantee that Christ still reigns. It is not by such abdication, no matter how great is the Moslem spirit of persecution, that the problem of Christ's homeland and of the scenes of the Apostles' first labor must be solved. It is for the postwar planners to see that freedom for religious minorities, freedom of religion and freedom of religious organization. be guaranteed for all throughout the Arab world.

This brings us to a special responsibility, which, we believe, rests particularly on the United Nations with regard to Palestine. The position of the Holy Land in a larger Arab federation, the establishment of a Jewish Commonwealth, partition of Palestine partially into an "Enclave of the Holy Places," are all plans with fundamental weaknesses, in view of the particular problem that its history presents. Dear to the heart of all Christians as the place in which their Divine Master spent the thirty-three years of His earthly life, why not keep its paltry ten thousand square miles free from commercialism, business expansion, and mutual hostility? Palestine is international, yes, supranational. An international government, consisting of a council of the United Nations, is another plan proposed. Some may urge that such a plan is as weak as the others, because the United Nations may not remain united. But the idea is good; in fact, far better than any of the others, because it does safeguard the sacred character of Christ's homeland.

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ANY plan that does not regard Christian claims in their entirety is nugatory. These shrines are ours. Our they should remain. If a plan is adopted that disregards this, its very blindness to Catholic rights, as old as Christianity itself, will overthrow it and make mandatory a further solution. We must keep Christ in His homeland. If on this matter the postwar planners hold their peace, the very stones of our Holy Places will cry out.

▶ The story is told about Arthur Sullivan, the composer, that the one faculty which never forsook him was his tonal sense. It is said that he returned one night to his flat in a state of inebriation sufficient to render the row of identical houses in which he lived a difficult problem in identification. Sullivan ambled down the row, pausing from time to time and kicking at the metal shoe-

scrapers by the side of the steps of the houses. Coming to one, he paused, kicked it again, murmured to himself, "That's right. E flat," and entered the door.



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Peter the Rock?

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Places

In the text of St. Matthew, "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church," the Greek employs different words for Peter and for the rock upon which Christ said He would build His Church. "Petros" (Peter) is masculine; "petra" (rock) is feminine. Is not this an indication that the rock on which the Church will be built s not precisely Simon Peter but faith in the divinity of Christ, such as Peter had professed just before these words were addressed to him? The Greek word for faith (pistis) is feminine as is also the word for rock (petra).-M.S., UNION CITY, N. T.

Our Lord spoke Aramaic, a Semitic dialect akin to Hebrew. The original text of St. Matthew's Gospel was in Aramaic, the language of the people of Palestine for whom the Gospel was written. In that language there is no foundation for the resent apparent difficulty. In Aramaic Our Lord said and & Matthew wrote: "thou art Kepha (rock), and upon this Kepha (rock) I will build my Church." Just before this statement Christ had addressed Peter as "Simon Bar-Jona" (Simon, on of Jona), his name until Christ gave him the new name s indicative of his position in the Church. That Kepha was the name given to Simon by Christ and recognized as such by the followers of Christ is evident from the fact that St. Paul nvariably refers to him as Cephas, a hellenized form of the Aramaic word, Kepha. (See-Gal. 1:18; 2:9. Also St. John, 1:42.) The usage in the Greek text is easily explained. The Greek anslation of St. Matthew's Aramaic Gospel was made toward the end of the first century A. D. By that time most of the Christians were Greek-speaking and the Aramaic, Kepha, as proper name designating the Prince of the Apostles had ecome Petros. This Greek word is masculine in form. Origially there was no such proper name in Greek. It was coined from the Greek common noun, petra, which means "rock" and is feminine in form. The changed form of the proper name to indicate gender was due to the fact that it would not have been proper in Greek to use a feminine noun as a man's name. The Greek translator of St. Matthew's Aramaic Gospel simply used this current proper name (Petros) to transhte Kepha in the first phrase (making it "thou are Petros") and retained the common noun (petra) as the equivalent of kepha in the second phrase (making it read, "and on this nock"). The Latin translation from the Greek has followed the same procedure: Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram.

That the rock referred to in the second phrase is Peter

and not faith like Peter's is evident also from the rest of the promise. Our Lord said, "And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Such promises could not reasonably be made to a rock, in the literal sense, nor to the faith of Peter symbolized by the rock. Throughout it is Peter who figures as the recipient of the great promises.

Greek Catholics and Divorce

A Greek Catholic informs me that in his church divorce followed by a new marriage is not prohibited. If he is a Catholic how can this be?-COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.

Confusion in this case may be caused by the use of the designation "Greek Catholic." It is necessary to determine just what is meant by the term. Sometimes "Greek Catholic" is used to designate in a general way an adherent of any one of the many churches that follow Oriental rites. Among such individuals we can distinguish two classes; those who are in union with Rome and those who are not. Those who are in union with Rome, even though they follow an Eastern rite instead of the Roman in their liturgy, are called Uniates and they have the same practice and doctrine with reference to divorce as other members of the Church Universal. Those who are not in union with Rome and are under one of the several jurisdictions that adhere to an Oriental rite are commonly called "Orthodox." In both practice and doctrine the Orthodox Churches admit divorce and remarriage for various

It comes to determining the exact church affiliation of the one called "Greek Catholic." If he is a member of a Uniate Church, his statement is in error. If he belongs to a church included under the term "Orthodox," it is right.

Resignation of the Pope

I have been informed that in the history of the Church, six popes have resigned. Would you be kind enough to give the reasons for their resignations?-R.D., SCRANTON, PA.

As in the case of other ecclesiastical offices, the papacy may be renounced. If this should be done, naturally there should be sufficiently grave reasons for such action but even without such reasons the action would be valid. The Code of Canon Law states, "If the Roman Pontiff should resign

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his office, it is not necessary for validity that the Cardinals or any others accept the resignation" (Canon 221).

There have been six resignations if we include two cases in the early history of the Church. According to some historians St. Marcellinus (296-304) and St. Liberius (352-366) resigned their office. There is too much obscurity on the point, however, to allow their being quoted as undisputed examples of papal resignation.

The first unquestioned abdication is that of Pope Benedict IX (1033-44) who, because of his scandalous life, was driven from Rome. He was restored by the Emperor Conrad II, but later, in consideration of a large sum of money, he resigned the papacy. The archpriest, John Gratian, who negotiated the resignation, succeeded as Gregory VI in 1045. When Clement II. Gregory's successor, died, Benedict seized Rome but was again driven out. His end is uncertain but it is possible that he died penitent at the abbey of Grottaferrata.

Gregory VI (1045-46) was a good man and surrounded himself with high type counselors in an endeavor to bring about reform. His dealings with Benedict IX, however, left him open to the charge of simony and in order to forestall further conflict he resigned his office at a council held at Sutri in 1046.

The classical example of papal resignation is that of St. Celestine V (1294). He was a simple hermit before his election and because he felt unfitted and unprepared for the difficult office, he resigned five months after his election.

The latest example of a pope's resignation is that of Gregory XII (1406-15). He did so at the Council of Constance for the purpose of ending the schism caused by there being several rival claimants to the papacy.

The Mass and the Cross

Why does the priest have to go through the ordeal of the crucifixion daily in the Mass?-T.O., BRONX, N.Y.

We do not know just what is in the inquirer's mind when reference is made to the Mass as being "the ordeal of the crucifixion." Perhaps the Catholic teaching that the Mass is identified with and continues the Sacrifice of the Cross has led to a misunderstanding or at least to an unusual terminology.

The death of Christ on the Cross was a true sacrifice, the means God used for the redemption of man. The Mass is the continuation and extension of that sacrifice in time. Through the Mass the merits of Christ are applied to the individuals of all succeeding generations that they may share in the fruits of His sacrifice. In the Mass, however, Christ does not die in the bloody manner of Calvary and so it is not apt to refer to the Mass as an "ordeal," a word that suggests all the cruelty associated with the death of Christ on Calvary.

The manner of offering the Mass was determined by Christ at the time of its institution on the first Holy Thursday. It is offered daily in fulfillment of Christ's command, "do this in remembrance of me."

The Church and Tolerance

Does not the claim of the Catholic Church to be the only appointed teacher of God's revelation imply that she must be intolerant toward other religious bodies and their members?—N.Y.C.

With reference to religious belief, tolerance and intolerance are two words that are frequently misunderstood and very much abused. Tolerance is often made to mean the same as indifference to religious truth or to designate the attitude of those who have no religious convictions whatsoever. If tolerance is taken in this sense, the Church cannot be and does not make any claim to be tolerant. The Catholic

Church is keenly alive to her responsibility to safeguard to deposit of religious truth revealed by God. Consequently to can make no compromise with what Christ has committed to her charge. In other words she must be intolerant of error

When it is a question of the attitude of the Church toward those who are in error, the answer is different. So long as he children are in personal error only, she leaves them to God The same holds with reference to those outside the Church who hold doctrines which she considers erroneous. A many conscience is sacred. God alone is the judge of the individual soul. It is quite a different case, however, when those in error attempt to spread and defend their error publicly. Against such a procedure the Church claims the right to defend he self and her-children.

A point of practical interest is that concerning the teaching of the Catholic Church on the importance of religious tolerance in a country such as ours where there is such a variation in religious belief. This tolerance does not mean that Catholics hold that one religion is as good as another nor that they approve of indifferentism in religious matters. It does not mean that Catholics have to be tolerant toward error a such. It does mean that Catholics must respect the religious convictions of others. This is based on the command to low our neighbor. Our neighbor is not only the man who agree with us in religious belief, but all men. We must presupper that other people are in good faith unless we know they are in bad faith and judgment on this point must as a rule is left to God.

Tolerance therefore is not inconsistent with the firm coviction that one has the truth when involved in that vertruth there is the teaching upon which tolerance must be based. The most tolerant of men and women have been the canonized saints. This followed from their profound understanding and practice of the love of God and the neighbor. Without compromising with error, we can and must low those who may be in error. This is not the easiest virtue to practice as is evident from its frequent violation.

God and Moral Evil

Since God foresaw that man would sin, why did lit create him with a free will weak enough to succumb to temptation?—W.A., SUMMIT, ILL.

Why does God create finite beings? It is not due to an need for God to acquire something He does not possess. At an infinite self-sufficient Being, God cannot stand in need of anything. His reason for creating is not that He may acquire something but that He may manifest something he already possesses. By contrast, human activity is directed to the acquiring of something. We act to acquire greater fullness of being and greater happiness. It is different with God. He always has possessed and always will possess the plenitude of being in an infinite degree and nothing outside Himsel can increase His infinite happiness. When He creates rational beings, therefore, it is to manifest His goodness and to bring into existence creatures capable of happiness,

At this point we come to the crux of the difficulty relative to moral evil. It is undeniable that God is good and that He has created man for happiness. Why does a good and all powerful God allow His rational creatures to defy Him, to violate His commandments, to oppose His will, and to bring misery upon themselves and others? It would seem that God is either not good, or not all-powerful. If He is both how can they be reconciled with His toleration of moral evil?

Why is moral evil possible? It is possible because man is endowed with free will and is on probation. Man is free because he can determine his actions without internal compulsion. It is freedom that makes him a responsible being Probation implies the moral necessity of doing right and

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avoiding wrong. It also implies that life on earth is not the final destiny of man. If therefore the Creator willed to endow man with free will and at the same time put him on probation, it is necessary that He permit evil. If man were not confronted with evil, he could not help being good but in that case there would be no merit as there would be no choice in the matter.

It may also be asked, why does God submit man to a probation? Why does He not confirm him in good and make it mpossible to do wrong? Why does not God give man eternal happiness as a favor rather than as a reward? Here we are face to face with the mystery of God's permission of moral evil. We can understand why evil is possible but we cannot understand adequately why God permits it. The answer to this problem is bound up ultimately with God's free determination to create man in a state that allows the possibility of his committing evil. This was not done arbitrarily but for a reason based on infinite wisdom. If we could see everything as God does, we should understand His dispensations. During our life on earth, however, part of our probation is 10 have faith in the final justification of God's plan. It will be only when faith gives way to knowledge in the future life that man will be able to understand why God permits evil. Our final observation is that it is easy for us to take an incomplete and one-sided view of the great work of God's ceation. It is possible for instance to center the mind so oclusively upon the evil in the universe that we shall have no eyes for the abundant and wonderful examples of order, wisdom, and loving providence which can be discovered, not only by the observation and reflection of our intelligence, but also made known by the revelation of God. If, on account of the mystery of evil, we were to deny God's existence or His love and wisdom we would not get rid of mystery for we would be confronted with the existence and goodness of ceated things crying out for a solution. It cannot be denied that the reconciliation of evil in the world with God's existence and attributes involves a problem, but to account for the universe without God involves more than a problem; it is a rational impossibility.

Women in Sanctuary

Will you please clarify your reply in the February 1945 issue on the question of women in the sanctuary. Are not women allowed in the sanctuary when they are married with a Nuptial Mass?—J.L.F., WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the answer to the original question, we considered the matter from the point of view of serving Mass. It would have been well, however, to have treated the question somewhat more broadly so as to cover the point raised at present. It is now quite common in this country to allow the newly married couple to assist within the sanctuary at the Nuptial Mass which follows the wedding ceremony. This same privilege is usually extended also to the bridesmaid and the best man. There is no general law prescribing or even permitting the wedding party to assist at Mass within the sanctuary. Custom or particular regulations as set forth in diocesan statutes will determine this point.

Women Wearing Masculine Apparel

It is prescribed in the Old Testament that women should not wear men's clothes. How explain the present-day practice of many women on this point?—TEXAS.

In the Book of Deuteronomy (22:5) we read: "A woman shall not be clothed with man's apparel, neither shall a man use woman's apparel." There were reasons for this prohibition in the Old Law which are not found universally. It is

not necessary to go into these at present. It will be sufficient to state that like many particular laws prescribed for the Jews, this one has been abolished as far as its universal applicability is concerned.

This does not mean that a change of apparel could not be sinful. If such a change is so complete as to lead to dissimulation and is effected for some improper motive, it will be sinful. If the substitution is done by way of a joke or to act a part in a play it cannot be considered sinful. Neither is it wrong when some reasonable cause requires it, or legitimate recreation calls for it, or when the custom of a Christian country sanctions it.

When considering the practice of women referred to in the question it should be remembered that seldom are men's clothes as such adopted. The style of clothing may be masculine but usually there are adaptations that are distinctly feminine.

Saint Lillian

I have been unable to find anything about St. Lillian. Will you please help me?-L.H., SAYRE, OKLA.

Lillian is an English form that is considered to be the equivalent of both Liliora and Elizabeth.

Felix, the husband of Liliora, had been brought up a Christian but in the face of the persecution in Spain by the Mohammedans he had apostatized to Islamism. Liliora remained faithful to her religion. The good example of a kinsman, Aurelius, and his wife, Natalia, brought Felix back to the Church. Felix and Aurelius, together with their wives, began visiting and ministering to Christian captives.

All four were finally arrested and condemned to death. The sentence was carried out at Cordova on July 27, 852. St. Liliora and St. Natalia were buried at the church of St. Genesius, and St. Felix at the monastery of St. Cristobal. The relics of St. Aurelius were afterward transferred to the church of St. Germain in Paris.

If Lillian is taken as a form of the name Elizabeth there are several well-known persons with that name and it will be easy to find something on their lives. We shall mention St. Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Elizabeth of Portugal.

G. G. Coulton and H. A. Franck

Recently I was given two books to read by a non-Catholic. One is "Medieval Panorama" by G. G. Coulton; the other, "Vagabonding Down the Andes" by H. A. Franck. I find both very prejudiced relative to things Catholic. Please tell me something about these books and their authors.—P.B., INDIANA, PA.

George Gordon Coulton, an Englishman, has specialized in the study of the Middle Ages and the period of the Protestant Reformation. Medieval Panorama, like every work of Coulton which touches on things Catholic, and most of them do, is full of prejudice and bitterness. On the subject of Catholicism, Coulton's mind is warped and as a result his critical judgment is completely unreliable. His historical research must be recognized as quite extensive but it has been used principally for the purpose of acrimonious attack on the Catholic Church and on scholars, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who disagree with him.

Harry A. Franck is a professional traveler who writes about his wanderings. His knowledge of the history and culture of the peoples and lands he visits is superficial and his judgments on the same are of no value.

If your non-Catholic friend accepts such books as giving true portrayals of Catholicism it is most unfortunate.

"Gosh! It Works!" SLOWLY, deliberately, the doctor unwound the bandages. The soldier watched intently, following the "medic's" motions with absorption. S/Sgt. Eddie Dunn, veteran of the breakthrough at St. Lo, had undergone an orthopedic operation at Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, New Jersey, to restore motion to his left arm. When admitted to the hospital, his arm had hung helplessly at his side, shrapnel having injured the shoulder. Lt. Col.

A Wac surgical technician skillfully changes a dressing for a bed patient

at giving Eddie the hope of eventually teaching his new son baseball. The bandages removed, the doctor

Alexander Miller of Cleveland, Ohio, chief of orthopedics, had transplanted tendons in a series of operations aimed

suggested quietly, "Try it."
Eddie hesitated. Then he curved his fingers—as if around a ball. His eyes rose to the doctor's. Gingerly the wounded man bent his arm at the elbow and laboriously raised the arm to shoulder height. His jaw slackened, and he looked more awed than happy. Then he dropped the arm and tried the movement again. "Gosh, doc," he said, "it works!"

Making it work is the job of the group of expert surgical and medical men at the hospital who, in the uniform of the Army Medical Corps, offer legitimate hope to the patients.

"Gee, that's all right . . . all right," murmurs the boy in the next bed to Eddie, his eyes brightening at the prospect of the removal of bandages from his "bum knee."

From a sleepy mid-Jersey farm, war has changed Tilton in little over four years to the second largest Army general hospital in the country. With a newly authorized bed capacity of more than 4,000 Col. S. Jay Turnbull, MC, Commanding Officer, can hold out hope to casualties from all theaters of war on which the Stars and Stripes are advancing. On the theory that one soldier on his feet is worth ten on their backs, the Army spares neither talent, time, nor expense in putting a man in good condition. The debt to the man who has fallen in the fight is paid in terms of the type of care that brings restored motion, exuberant horseplay in the long

Hope for war casualties—the story of achievement at Tilton Hospital

corridors, the quick laughter of young, recovering men.

"Our business is making men better," says Col. Turnbull. "We've been setting up the different services here with that sole aim in mind. Without letting too many people know about it, we've set up a fine record here, and we have reason to believe that our record will be improved even more."

So far, accomplishments include: establishment of the first organized course in anesthesia in the history of the Army; maintenance of one of the "top" G. I. (gastro-intestinal) clinics and one of the largest orthopedic departments; a volume of surgical work that ranks among the largest done in the Army's general hospitals; and establishment of the first separation center in any general hospital in the country.

But a showmanship attitude is lacking, and emphasis is on the promise of hope to the wounded. "We feel we have a job to do and ought to keep at it and give the men the best in the world," Col. Turnbull says. Throughout the organization runs this matter-of-fact acceptance of responsibility. The spotlightwise slant that might have been symbolized by the hospital's circus-tent

start is missing from the efficient or ganization of today.

Back in the winter of 1941, with it intense periods of cold, the setting of foundations was made possible by use of huge circus tents as protection. Under arc lights three construction team worked eight-hour shifts around the clock. Today more than 115 ward build ings sprawl over 350 acres formerly de voted to the rural pursuits of the old Beverly farm. The single-story wards of frame construction, branch off long ramps. With an eye to safety in air raids, or fire, the buildings were set 50 feet apart. The long, covered corridors, removed from the wards, resound to the movements of ambulatory patients. These, who have discarded the khaki of battle-fit soldiers, are clad in maroon bathrobes over gray pajamas. A nine teen-year-old lad wounded on D-day in France tries out the speed of his wheelchair. Some are on crutches. Some have "walking" casts. They are taking a stroll over to the Red Cross recreation building to "kid around" an hour or two while one of the new girls tries her hand at fudge making. This fellow, using a rubber-tipped cane, is dropping over to see an old buddy of his who caught some shell fragments at Aachen

Or they may be on more serious errands. One had to keep an appointment with the dentist, for such needs are constantly checked, and during recuperation these minor difficulties are straightened out. Another is on his way to the brace

By ELIZABETH McFADDEN

shop for adjustment of his custom-made walking gear. The halls swarm with men en route to the PX, the Army post exchange or general store, where they stock up on favorite toilet articles and buy their daily ration of cigarettes or anything they need.

Here's a fellow headed for the library when he sees a particular shade of red hair down the line that he hasn't seen since the Eighth Division made it hot for the Nazis in Brest. "Charlie!" he

shouts. "Hey, Charlie!"

The redhead turns a freckled grin. "Boy," he says as they meet, "Boy, you sure look good," and they put their hands on each other's shoulders with just a second or two of mute gratification. Then the first one asks, "What did you get?"

"Shrapnel from a land mine in the leg. It's coming along pretty good. . . ."

And he grins.

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"Well, Charlie, old boy, I'm glad to see you're back"—pounding him on the back with an open hand—"from the front!"—pounding him on the chest. They laugh at the resumption of horseplay together after many months apart, check up on each other's ward numbers, and separate with the hospital's standard, "Keep on the ball, boy."

PASSING them in the corridors, you are unaware at first glance of the heroism and sense of duty or instinctive response to training that sent them forward to receive their wounds. It is only in talking to them individually that you realize the enormous, simple dignity of the wounded. They accept their wounds

almost entirely without question, do what they are told, and while they are lying in bed tentatively plan their futures. Since most in this hospital can expect good recovery, their look into the days ahead doesn't shadow the present oppressively, contrary to the opinion held by so many civilians.

The majority seem to want to get back home and find things as they left them. A surprising number don't want to be let out of the Army until the war is over—then they want to get out quickly. They want people to act toward them as they did before the war. They don't want their relatives and friends to be strangely oversolicitous. That would make things awfully strained, they say almost unanimously.

If they need help, they want it quietly given, without fanfare or fuss. In a word, they want to be treated with the normal consideration and pleasantness due to anyone who has been ill—and perhaps more than they ever did in civilian life, they want their privacy respected.

Chief gripe is the folks' inclination to glorify them. "Everybody who sees a Purple Heart thinks you were wounded doing some heroic deed, like saving a whole battalion or something," one explains. "There's just too much plain exaggeration." It may be modesty, but they are most emphatic about it.

The men put in a plea for understanding of the "common soldier's common job of sticking with it day in and day out and doing nothing much to write home about but doing what you need to do to hold a line and move forward."

Here in the hospital the soldiers show a quiet respect for the surgical and medical officers who are "on the ball" doing a good job. The institution's real work is done in the seclusion of the operation pavilions, where forty to fifty operations a day are performed, or in the well-lighted clinics where specialized treatments are administered. The technique used and success attained are astonishing.

OLLOW a patient who is wheeled on a table through the white, swinging doors of Operating Room 4. He is Lt. Robert F. Kinney of New Brunswick, New Jersey, a civil engineer in private life who, as a member of the Army engineers, prepared the way for the breakthrough at Avranches of Patton's Third Army. The engineers went ahead clearing mines, breaking down road blocks, setting up bridges. The battalion commander caught it first. Then another officer got his when Nazi snipers "picked him off" as he began to blast a road block. Bob, with four others in a jeep, hit a land mine at Guin Camp near Brest on the afternoon of August 21. They were taken to a French hose pital. One died. Bob's left arm, badly fractured and splintered, was treated and put in a cast. Eventually he was flown to England and sent by ship to America. Since the arm refused to knit, a bone-graft operation is scheduled. It is the only way to restore power to the arm.

Three doctors, two of them expert orthopedic surgeons, enter, garbed in white, sterilized gowns and wearing rubber gloves. Chief surgeon is Lt. Col. Alexander Miller whose home is in Cleveland, Ohio.

The patient has been anesthetized. Col. Miller says, "Raise the table," and the three-hour operation is under way. From 9:30 A.M. until 12:45 the surgeons, aided by a surgical technician, two



Ready for the big moment—under the watchful eyes of the Activity is encouraged—despite casts and slings, four patients physiotherapist and two aides, a patient tries on a leg brace play ping-pong while suggestions come from the sidelines

nurses, and two Wacs, make the bone graft, taking a four-inch-strip from the officer's shin bone and fastening it with four screws to the two pieces of forearm bone which had not joined. One doctor sutures the leg as the arm work is completed. The patient is wheeled into a special recovery ward, well ventilated and assured of quiet by a large sign on the door, stating, "Positively No Visitors, This Includes Nurses, Wacs, and Corps-

TE is given a saline solution into a He is given a saline solution into a vein, and gradually he recovers consciousness. A trained nurse and a motherly nurse's aide are at his side to provide hot-water bottles and extra blankets lest he take a chill. The doctor looks in later in the afternoon. The patient is given penicillin constantly for a week. A brace will be fitted to his leg in three weeks and he will be given twenty-one days at home. On his return to the hospital, additional X-rays will be taken of his arm and the final cast removed when his condition permits. He will then be ready for exercises to strengthen the muscles weakened by nonuse and will eventually go through the reconditioning program functioning at Tilton as at other Army hospitals.

Since 70 per cent of the war casualties received at Tilton, men from every front in the world, hurt chiefly by this war's land mines and shell fragments, are orthopedic cases (arm, leg, or back injuries), Lt. Kinney's case reveals to some extent the treatment they are getting. The hospital has a record of having restored function to these orthopedics in all but three cases out of several thousand

Restorative work includes operations to rectify stiff joints by removing floating cartilage, bone and skin grafting, treatment of bone infection, and specialized treatment of injured hands and

"We take boys whose arms and legs are paralyzed as a result of having their nerves shot away, say by a spinal injury, and we restore function by transplanting tendons," says Col. Miller.

Doctors throughout the hospital praise the work done by medics overseas as providing them with a good basis to work from. "The fact that these boys get picked up in a hurry and get sulfa and penicillin is resulting in the shipment home of patients in the best possible condition," they say.

Quite contrary to practice in civilian hospitals, the wounded are told in precise terms the nature of their trouble and are informed what is being done and why. "We take the time to explain to the men exactly what we're trying to do," says Lt. Col. Robert R. Layton of Philadelphia, chief of surgical service.

BENOVATION

By Kevin Sullivan, S.J.

Since love is something more and something less than I had thought, when love was new and brave. shall I call 'counterfeit' what love I gave? or ask it back and seek for happiness where others may, courting with chance success pied beauty-O! Time's fleet, Time's sweet!, I'm told and youth is sweeter!- laughing to behold the world more palpable than I could quess?

Rather I'll sign away all my tomorrows to reimburse such loss from counterfeit; rather I'll dare again the ghostly mart where first we bargained for a young man's heart, and there resell it for the same red sorrows You paid before when first You purchased it.

"We find if you explain the situation to the patient, tell him why you're operating or re-operating or doing a stage in a series of operations, the end result will be much better, because the patient will understand and co-operate to the fullest."

Fitting the treatment to the injury, each patient to be operated on is examined the previous day by the head of the anesthetic department, Maj. Stevens I. Martin, who decides which type of anesthesia is best suited to the patient's individual condition. In July 1941 Mai. Martin established the school here that made Army history, and it is now one of the largest schools of anesthesia anywhere in the country. From it Army anesthetists fan out over the globe to do their pain-relieving work.

The hospital's gastro-intestinal department, of which Capt. J. Edward Berk of Philadelphia is chief of section, has turned up what seems to be the reverse of general opinion about stomach ulcers. Army experience here tends to show, Capt. Berk says, that seemingly placid, unobtrusive, slow-moving men are more apt to get ulcers than the type frequently associated with the trouble, the aggressive, driving, conscientious perfectionist. "No single type can truly be said to be peculiarly subject to the trouble," he declares. Men actually in combat and fighting for their lives are less apt to suffer pain from a peptic ulcer, the captain says, adding, however, that when these men get to rest areas after action, their condition becomes bad. The Germans had a whole "ulcer battalion" defending Cherbourg, he relates, and these troops, who were served by special diet kitchens, were credited with fighting well. "But their complaint became aggravated after they surrendered."

The wide scope of sufferers from ulcers was discovered through use of the hospital's diagnostic facilities, described as "second to none, in many cases superior to civilian hospitals."

SPECIALISTS in artificial eyes, the hospital's technicians in this field make plastic eyes according to processes just recently developed by the Army. The new eyes are light, a true match to the patient's own eye, and, most important of all, are practically indestructible. Doctors working in this clinic are chiefly dentists, as the technique used is similar to that employed in the making of dental plates. A wax impression is made of the patient's eyeball, and from this impression a plastic eye-of assured good fit-is made by the molding and casting process. Tiny "veins" are applied in the form of red rayon threads brushed on with ether. Extreme care is taken in matching the patient's eye color, and the stock glass eyes of the last war are a thing of the past.

The men, of course, are appreciative of what is done for them but feel that there is no truly adequate recompense for their wounds. "We all know we've been in a war," they say, "and we're glad to see the medics giving us such good

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Generalissimo has just spoken directly to Bishop O'Gara in Chinese, and the two are laughing at their ease in understanding each other, though protocol demanded the interview be conducted through an interpreter

Visit With The Gissimo

By CASPAR CAULFIELD, C.P.

THE thing that impresses Supreme HE thing that impressed me most Commander was the contrast between what such a state call must have been like in the days of the empire, at Peking, and the simple modernity and informality of such an audience now in much more democratic Chungking. During the year and a half of my residence at the Jesuit language college in Peking I often visited the ancient home of China's emperors in the Forbidden City nearby. Walking over the white marble bridge that curved over the moat outside, I would pass through the tremendous archway in the flaming red battlements, then along the half-mile promenade to the throne room, recreating in my mind what the pageantry of a visit to the

Imperial Majesty must have been like in the old days.

I could see the awestruck visitor from one of China's humbler provinces being borne swiftly along the broad paths in a chair, passing up the great dragon-carved stairways through larger and yet larger halls until, stepping out on the white terrace before the great goldentiled audience chamber, he entered the presence of the Emperor sitting on his peacock throne, and at once became so

weak in the legs that he could only fall to his knees and bow his head to the pavement. That was China in her ancient days, before the new.

The visit which Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. paid on April ninth to the home of President Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking, at the Generalissimo's personal invitation—an occasion on which I was privileged to be present—was the perfect contrast to the scene I have described above. The invitation

President Chiang Kai-shek is alert with every sense of body and mind to what goes on around him, in China and throughout the world

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came by telephone, and the visit got under way when General Wu Teh-chen, Secretary General of the Kuomintang Party, had seated Bishop O'Gara, Ken McLaughlin, war photographer, and myself in his very modern Buick.

We were whisked for a three-minute drive along Chungking's upper Main Street to the private drive that led to the Generalissimo's home. Ken McLaughlin looked trim in his army uniform with the green insignia marked "War Photographer" on his shoulders. I was clutching a long white scroll which was a hand-drawn sketch of the "Gissimo" we intended to present for his autograph. The Bishop and I had hunted the city for a gift worthy of presenting to China's President, but finding nothing distinctive enough to offer, we went without it.

With a dramatic stop the car pulled up in front of the President's home, a gray stucco building not unlike the home a prosperous doctor might have in America. Instead of broad promenades we walked up a little hedge-lined path. The only ceremonial hall we passed through was the tiny waiting room where we deposited our hats and coats and the Bishop left his walking stick. At five-thirty on the dot we could hear the Canadian Ambassador, His Excellency, Victor Odlum, the visitor before us, making his good-bys.

My first glimpse of the man who has led China through eight years of war was of a smartly dressed, middle-aged soldier, standing at the far end of a long, very modern, living room. We threaded our way past upholstered armchairs and sofas over the soft carpet, to reach him; and I could not help reflecting that, save for some Chinese landscapes hanging on the walls and a few pieces of unique Chinese-carved vases and bric-a-brac on the fireplace mantle and table, tops, this was an American room.

The Generalissimo came forward to greet Bishop O'Gara, shaking hands warmly and voicing in Chinese his delight at meeting a Catholic bishop. Kenneth McLaughlin and I were presented to His Excellency by General Wu Teh-chen. My impressions of shaking hands with one of the world's great leaders was a rather mixed-up jumble of being conscious of his brown serge uniform with its dully gleaming brass buttons, and a very kindly face above, fringed with a closely cut crop of sandy hair that suggested a halo.

When the Generalissimo had seated Bishop O'Gara in what is the place of honor in China, the armchair at his left, and the rest of us had taken our places, I began to tabulate in my mind the specific differences of the genus "homo" that made up General Chiang Kai-shek.

Conversation Piece



▶ There's a story going around New York of an old Wall St. capitalist who has a junior member in his banking firm whom he watches very closely. The other day the young fellow picked up the phone when it rang. His end of the conversation went thusly: "No. No. No. No. No. No. Yes. No. No. No. No. No. Yes. No. No. No. No. Yes. a final explosive "No!" and hung up.

The old man grumbled, "What d'ya mean by saying yes to that fellow?"

"I had to," explained the other. "He asked me if I could hear him."

I noticed his folded hands and habit of rolling his thumbs. I was interested to observe the three stars on a gold braid background on each side of his collar that constituted his only insignia. His mustache was close-clipped and so neary the color of his skin that it was hardly noticeable.

BUT the point about the Generalissimo of which I became most conscious and which fascinated me throughout the interview was his eyes. The Gissimo's eyes are full, live eyes, deep brown in color and wide open, so that there seem to be no lids to veil them, so continually alert and impressionable are they. His eyes spoke an inner self at top pitch of attention, despite his quiet manner of sitting, with scarcely ever a gesture save to touch once in a while a flat gold fountain pen that just showed in his uniform pocket.

This full and smiling contemplation of his eyes was now turned upon Bishop O'Gara, and what he was saying. Protocol required that the interview be conducted in English, with General Wu serving as interpreter; though Bishop O'Gara and I understood clearly when the Generalissimo spoke in Chinese, and, I think, the President followed most of what Bishop O'Gara said in English.

The first part of the conversation was devoted to conveying to the Gissimo the good wishes of the Very Reverend Father Provincial of the Passionists, in the name of the many hundred members of that Congregation in America. The Gissimo in turn thanked Bishop O'Gara for these expressions of good will, and wished the message to be conveyed to America of his own high esteem for the Passionists and their work in China. Bishop O'Gara likewise told the Generalissimo of the interest he had found amongst all classes of Catholics in President Chiang Kai-shek's own person, everywhere he had lectured

in the United States and Canada. China's Leader acknowledged this statement with the sparkle of his eyes, and the interjection "How!" meaning "Good!" "Good!" His replies were spoken quickly in few words, but each resonant phrase a perfect and courteous summing up of his agreement.

At this point tea was brought by a servant boy in soldier's uniform, and placed before us in flowered Chinese cups with inverted saucers for covers. We did not sip this tea, for we knew well the canon of Chinese etiquette. When the Generalissimo reached for his tea cup the interview would be over.

Ken McLaughlin meanwhile had everything ready for his pictures. With the eye of a good photographer he had decided what were the best shots; now he focused his camera, paused long enough to catch everybody at rest, then touched off the bulb that brilliantly lighted the scene for a flash. The Generalissimo would look at Ken as each bulb went off, but the flicker of his eyes away from Bishop O'Gara and General Wu was only for a moment. His pietures done, Ken chose a chair at the far end of the living room and sat down, but this caused the Generalissimo to interrupt the conversation for a minute until he had persuaded Ken in a most friendly way to come and take an armchair near him.

The talk between President Chiang and Bishop O'Gara had now turned on more general topics, and China's President was paying an unbelievably kind and well-informed tribute to the work carried on in the Yüanling, Hunan, Catholic Mission under Bishop O'Gara's direction for the assistance of warstricken Chinese. He said in words that rang like a bell, "I clearly understand and deeply appreciate the sustained relief done by the Catholic Fathers and Sisters of the Yüanling Mission for my country's people, and in their name I express my gratitude."

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Then in detailed explanation he repeated to General Wu his awareness of the medical care and sustenance given to 200,000 transient refugees in the Yüanling district, of the shelters built for 1000 refugees who resided for many months in the Western Hunan area, of the hospital work done and the medical treatment given to 70,000 Chinese soldiers; of the schools maintained, and of all the work done at such sacrifice and cost by the Fathers and Sisters. His acknowledgement was warm-hearted and direct, and he wished his appreciation no be conveyed to all those Missionaries and their friends who had sponsored and carried through such a wide program of assistance to China.

The nearly half-hour-long conversation touched on many points, such, as the need for replacing missionary personnel, and Bishop Paul Yu-Pin's coming visit to the San Francisco Conference. But one remark elicited an unexpected and surprising response from the Gissimo. I once read of a photographer who got most natural likenesses of his subjects by saving a key topic of discussion in which he knew his client was interested to surprise him with just before he snapped the shutter. The key word that showed the Generalissimo to us in his most interesting and dynamic manner was stumbled upon quite by accident, and it was "Communism."

Bishop O'Gara was saying, in English, that the Catholics of America praised President Chiang for his unvielding stand against Communism. The Gissimo picked that word right out of the English sentence. His eyes snapped. He leaned forward in his chair. His hands unfolded and rested on the arms of his chair with closed fists. His face lighted up with animation, and there came over him for two or three minutes the gleaming purpose of a great leader who knew his people's danger and meant no compromise. His words tumbled from his lips as he spoke to General Wu and said, "Tell the Bishop that I fully realize the significance of the twenty-six million united Catholic bloc in the United States and Canada opposed to Communism." The uninformed attention which the world has recently paid to the Communist organization in Yenan was too recent an experience for the Generalissimo not to have carefully checked in his mind where he could look for sympathy should foreign public opinion get out of hand.

A FEW moments later the Generalissimo looked at a flat gold watch on his wrist, found the time to be three minutes to six, touched his tea cup to his lips and the interview was over. We all stood for a minute for a formal picture, then the Gissimo bade us a most cordial good-by, and we shook hands with him again and left.

The hall outside was filled with a dozen officers waiting to begin a conference with their Supreme Commander. We just had time to press into the hands of Colonel Pee Tsong-tan, the Generalissimo's personal secretary, the scroll on which was the hand-drawn portrait of President Chiang in blue uniform, with a request that the President autograph it for us at his convenience, as we wished to hang it in the reception room of the Bishop's house in Yüanling for all our Christians to see. Then we departed.

Two days later we received a letter from the Colonel about the portrait. The drawing was such an unusual picture of the Generalissimo, so well done, that the Gissimo had expressed a desire' to keep it himself, and asked the name of the artist, promising to send us another hand-autographed portrait in place of the one he kept. This unexpected compliment to our choice was a great surprise to us, and Bishop O'Gara replied that nothing would do him greater honor than to have the Generalissimo retain the portrait. So after all our vain search for a suitable gift we succeeded in giving President Chiang Kai-shek a gift he really valued; and as an unexpected by-product of our visit we had launched a young Chinese artist on a promising career.



Generalissimo's reception room, General Wu Teh-chen is sitting to right. Cordial good will was keynote of interview



CAN REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT DO THE JOB?

By Thomas K. Finletter. 184 pages. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.00 Mr. Finletter is convinced that the American Constitutional system makes conflict between Congress and the President inevitable with the result that effective government is greatly handicapped. He considers this a real danger to the survival of representative government in these days when government is called upon to do more than ever before.

He suggests several changes to bring about greater harmony and co-operation between the legislative and executive branches of our government. Some of these have already been introduced by others-such as the proposals for the regular appearance of Cabinet members before Congress and the reform of the Congressional Committee system. His own proposal is more radical. He advocates the formation of a joint Executive-Legislative Cabinet, composed of nine members from each branch to be charged with the formulation of policy. To lessen the possibility of a deadlock he would amend the Constitution so as to give the President the right to dissolve Congress and the Presidency when a deadlock occurs in the "Cabinet" and to call a general election. Furthermore, he would make the terms of the President and both Houses of Congress the same length (6 years), so as to avoid a party split between Congress and the President.

It is evident this proposal would mean a radical constitutional change. It would provide a much greater interdependence of President and Congress than now exists. This is advocated to achieve a stronger and more effective government. But such a system would achieve this only so long as the executive and the legislature could get along. If they could not, the cause of effective government would be even worse off than it is now. For now the President is certain of his tenure for four years. And Mr. Finletter admits that he can still do much even with Congress opposed to him. Such security is lost in the Cabinet system, where the executive cannot do anything without legislative support. The executive weakness of cabinet parliamen-tarism was revealed in the European democracies on the Continent during the interwar years, and Mr. Finletter's proposal is subject to the same weakness, despite his offering it to provide a stronger executive.

OTTO BIRD

BASIC WRITINGS OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

Edited by Anton C. Pegis. 2 Volumes boxed. Random House. \$7.50 For a reviewer who puts St. Thomas Aquinas in the first place in the history of Christian thought there is little or nothing to be said about the material presented by Dr. Pegis as basically representative of the mature teaching of the Angelic Doctor. A great deal, however, could be said about the appropriateness of the appearance of this work. It is to be hoped that its publishing is another indication that the master mind of the Middle Ages will continue to receive a wider and wider hearing in this so-called scientific period of human history. That St. Thomas has a message of perennial value in spite of his bad physical science is ably set forth by Dr. Pegis in an introduction which is in itself a distinguished contribution.

The selections are confined, and this is amply justified for the present purpose, to the Summa Theologica and the Summa Contra Gentiles. The text runs to over 2200 pages, and there are added an introduction, a table of contents, a bibliography, and an index of authors.

Dr. Pegis merits great credit for making so much of the thought of St. Thomas on a wide variety of vital subjects available in an excellent English form. Random House is to be congratulated on a fine publishing job and the time of its printing, for keeping it at a very reasonable price.

ADRIAN REYNOLDS

A PADRE VIEWS SOUTH AMERICA

By Peter Masten Dunne, S.J. 290 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50 This book is the product of a sabbatical year, conceived with a purpose "to promote understanding and friendship between the two Americas." It evolves from the day-to-day journal of Father Dunne, who left by boat from New

Orleans in the summer of 1943, sailed down the eastern coast of South America to Buenos Aires, and thence made his way, principally by airplane, to the most important centers of culture and general interest in the republics south of Panama.

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Father Dunne is a keen observer. with a wide range of observation and a facility for graphic and entertaining description. Moreover, as a trained his torian and teacher of Latin American history for several years, he knows what to look for in a given locale and how to make the past give up its secrets in the rich archeological and colonial monuments of the continent. He brings to his task the mature and sympathetic understanding of a Catholic at home in a Catholic atmosphere; but with sharp, independent, and courageous judgment he views present facts as facts and makes no effort to blur the picture with wishful thinking.

The result is a well-rounded picture. not merely a travelogue, of the living South America as it is today, with its present political, social, economic, cultural, and religious problems sharply etched against its varied and often tumultuous physical and historical background. Twenty-two short chapters may seem a light vehicle to traverse the long and devious road from the miracles, legends, and art of colonial days to Argentine politics of 1943-44, current Protestant missionary activity, politics and religion, race psychology and the Good Neighbor, but Father Dunne achieves his task and brilliantly. No apologies for this book. We recommend it without hesitation, to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, as essential reading for a comprehensive and true understanding of South America.

JAMES A. MAGNER

VICTORIA THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS: THE LIFE OF LEWIS CARROLL

By Florence Becker Lennon. 387
pages. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50
The Reverend Mr. Dodgson (Lewis
Carroll) is no easy subject for a biographer. His was a life singularly innocent of incident, the only significant
one being a boat trip, on July 4, 1862.
up the river Isis with three children.

To beguile the time, and the children, he made up a story. Afterward one of the children, ten year old Alice Liddell, begged him to write it down for her. That is how Alice in Wonderland was written. How it happened to be written by such a man as the Reverend Mr. Dodgson, occupies the biographer to the extent of painstaking research, abundant footnotes, and 387 pages of now acceptable, now unconvincing analysis. There are some fine chapters on the Victorian age and life at Oxford, but when Mrs. Lennon tries to interpret Lewis Carroll she is a little too dinical in her method, and the total impression is of a thesis rather than of a life-size portrait,

Having succeeded in establishing her belief that the entire Victorian age was a neurosis, Mrs. Lennon proceeds to show that the Reverend Mr. Dodgson was a victim of that neurosis as well as of certain unfortunate limitations of personality. But even if it is true that Charles Lutwidge Dodgson "was born January 27, 1832, with great gifts, but into surroundings that hobbled him from his first steps," who can regret the "hobbles" without which Charles Dodgson would never have escaped into the Alice adventures? and without Alice.

At no time does one feel, as Mrs. Lennon does, that this "hobbling" was a tragedy, either to himself or to the world. Perhaps one does not feel it because one is not convinced that he really was "hobbled," or even that Alice was the product of it. Had Mrs. Lennon been less clinical, or even less intent upon "lifting the veil from those dead sanctities" she might have seen a simpler and more acceptable explanation for Charles Dodgson's authorship of Alice. What riddle is there if one grasps what Mrs. Lennon herself emphasizes, that he loved and understood and knew how to be friends with little girls? Does that in itself have to be traced back to a neurosis? May it not be simply a God-given gift? Why couldn't that be the reason for Alice, if there has to be a reason, instead of escape from the inhibiting influences of his age and his family life, of retarded emotional development, of sexual repression? These latter explanations are inconsistent with the evidence Mrs. Lennon presents that there was a love affair, frustrated, in the Reverend Mr. Dodgson's life; that may be why he never married. Since no one knows the truth of the matter-there are some 'sanctities" that even a biographer will never discover or ought to respect if she does, no matter what the March Hare said to the contrary-who can say whether the man was inhibited, retarded, or repressed?

Mrs. Lennon has certainly made an extensive study of her subject, and when she is writing biography the book is quite satisfactory; it is only when she brings out the scalpel and forceps that she, and Mr. Dodgson, and the lovers of *Alice* suffer.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

TIN HORNS AND CALICO

By Henry Christman. 380 pages. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75 Tin Horns and Calico is the day-by-day record of the Anti-Rent Rebellion in New York State in the 1840's. Mr. Christman's purpose was to give a scholarly account of the rebellion, but he goes beyond that, describing by implication at least, the background of this movement, an almost feudal society in which a few families were given absolute control over the lives of three hundred thousand people.

The inequities of the patroon system passed without notice at first. Settlers were allowed to live on small plots of land, rent-free for seven years. At the end of that time they were to be allowed to purchase their farm. But when they came to the patroon to arrange for the purchase, they found that they were virtually serfs, that they were never to own the land, but were to pay rent in the form of winter wheat and labor the rest of their lives. Taxes, the building of roads, all the hard work and necessary improvements were their responsibility, while wood, water, and mineral rights belonged to the patroon.

The struggle against this system was long and costly. Disguised as Indians, the farmers took prompt action against the agent who tried to collect back rents or to dispossess the tenant. These agents were given a good scare, sometimes tarred and feathered, but if they yielded up their writs, they were often allowed to go their way unharmed, provided they paid for a general jollification. Though the farmers were bent on reform, they were always ready for a good-natured laugh, as the ballads composed for this Rebellion very well illustrate.

The temper of the opposition was bitter indeed. They called out the militia, who used their bayonets freely, threw the leaders of the farmers into jail, where they were often refused a fair trial, tortured without mercy, and sometimes even condemned to death. The patroons attempted to deceive the farmers and the public by offering reforms which covered up the injustice instead of correcting it. Liberals who took up the cause were punished unmercifully and they were made to appear enemies of the public good. Cooper raged against all who took part in the movement, and Walt Whitman, who enjoys a reputation today as the poet of democracy, was savage in his denunciation of the farmers. In the end, the Rebellion succeeded through the vote, not because men were convinced of injustice done the farmers, but because they realized the value of the farmers' vote in furthering their own ends.

Though the author's sympathies are with the farmers, he never goes to extremes, telling the story without emphasis of any kind. The book suffers a bit by focusing attention on small details without relating them to the whole history of the times, but as most historians have overlooked this movement, Christman has really succeeded in setting right the balance.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

. TOO SMALL A WORLD

By Theodore Maynard. 335 pages.
Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50
Francesca Cabrini was the child of Italian farm folk and one who seemed born to live the simple life they lived. Instead she became, not because she willed it, but very obviously because it was willed for her, a missionary who crossed the ocean so often one loses track of the number of times, a woman who became the founder of an Order which at her death had some four thousand members and schools and houses everywhere.

There is nothing mysterious about her life either, as Dr. Maynard tells it in this definitive work. It is full of journeys and establishments; it reads like the chronicle of a superlative housewife, onse to whom the whole world was a house which needed setting in order. There is a constant reference to her lack of health, and in that case it seems to me the greatest miracle in her life is the fact that so frail a woman could accomplish what she did. For the schools and hospitals she set up read like the deeds not of a single woman but of a regiment.

Dr. Maynard has done a difficult task here and done it very well. The one trouble is that he tells us too wearyingly often how wonderful Mother Cabrini is, instead of letting her words and actions speak for themselves. It is a mingling of the old hagiography-praise by the author, and of the new-in which the author stays out of the book. The quaintness of the Fioretti does not go well with the modern method. And it is not quite fair to call Mother Cabrini on one page "the first American to be canonized" and on another page to admit St. Rose of Lima as the "first canonized saint of the New World." Had Dr. Maynard said in the first instance "North American," he would have been technically correct, although in the gen-

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eral mind she will surely be mainly remembered for the wonderful work she did in bettering the situation of the Italian emigrant in the United States. I have never read a more interesting account than Dr. Maynard gives of the Italian immigrant in the days when Mother Cabrini came to this country.

KATHERINE BURTON

THE LITTLE COMPANY

By Eleanor Dark. 392 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75
With deep insight and penetrating power, Eleanor Dark in The Little Company has given her readers a critical picture of the problems of an everyday family in Australia during the first year of the present war with Japan. It is a psychological novel in which the author lays bare the minds and hearts of her characters.

The characters are clearly drawn. Gilbert Massey and his wife Phyllis are the ill-mated parents of two daughters and a son. Gilbert, his sister Marty, and his brother Nick are writers, but their views on public matters differ widely. Into this family creep misunderstanding, unfaithfulness, death, and tragedy. Our sympathies sway from one to the other of this group as they, one by one, temporarily fail to cope successfully with impending trouble. Bound by inherited traits and the restrictions of early environment, they become victims of an unseen fate which seems waiting for them. These characters bring about many thought-provoking situations. For even though the setting is Australia the people could be from New York or London. They represent social types found in every civilized country.

The author's style is forceful and intriguing. Her creative and luminous charm shows depth of thought and observation. Like her character Marty, she has the ability to use apt and forceful metaphors.

The Little Company is a book that can be read and re-read with interest

and mental profit.

AGNES M. NOON

SAN MARTIN: KNIGHT OF THE ANDES

By Ricardo Rojas. Translated by Herschel Brickell and Carlos Videla. 370 pages. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50

The recent conference at Mexico City revealed the basic solidarity of the Latin American nations, the futility of coercion in bringing a country like the Argentine to the acceptance of a policy which for one reason or another it might hesitate to adopt, and finally the necessity of co-operative action of all nations of this hemisphere.

Many feel that the Argentine and the

United States would never have come so close to the parting of the ways if a realization of these facts had been shared more widely in this country. In other words if there had been a greater knowledge and a deeper understanding of Argentina's internal affairs, both past and present, and the place she occupies in the Latin American family of nations.

Any attempt to enlarge the knowledge of these peoples regarding each other is a step in the right direction. Biographies, especially of leaders, are particularly helpful in humanizing acts of na-

tional importance.

The story of San Martin is the story of Argentine, Chilean, and Peruvian independence. The great revolutions which liberated Latin America produced two great heroes—San Martin and Bolivar. Bolivar is perhaps the better known. But San Martin presents for the biographer a problem both arresting and difficult. Much has been written about him, even in English. Yet much has to be done to clear away the myths, the assumptions, and the unwarranted conclusions given under the heading of interpretation.

The Rojas life of San Martin, first published in 1933 under the title El Sante de la Espada, is a strange piece of literature. Rojas treats San Martin as a semi-mythical being. He attributes to him mythical powers. He sees him as Orpheus, Saint Paul, the Child of the Sun foretold by the Incas, and as Parsifal.

While an interpretative study, even of so complex a character as San Martin, has its place in biography, it should contribute to a clearer conception of the subject. The defect in the study by Rojas is that he takes us into the realm of rhapsody.

The translation is the result of the belief of Messrs. Brickell and Videla that San Martin should be better known in the United States. It is doubtful that many North Americans, who prefer more objective biographical studies, will take this book seriously.

However, it does serve to emphasize the opportunity for closer co-operation between the peoples of the United States and the Argentine through the medium of a mutual understanding of each other's history and literature.

JOSEPH B. CODE

CITY DEVELOPMENT

By Lewis Mumford. 248 pages.
Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00

Lewis Mumford is one of those rare essayists who can take a subject such as city planning, city decay, and practically anything else about the city and make it both absorbing and highly intelligible. He is the philosopher of the city of tomorrow.

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Mr. Mumford detests the modern city, jerry-built as it is on the ruins of old, haphazard communities. Neither is he too zealous for a series of huge, awkward housing projects. He believes that in planning cities it is important to keep in mind the natural advantages of the area and the birth rate of the section about to be rebuilt; nor is he blind to the cause of bankruptcy in so many cities which planned poorly.

His essays on Honolulu and London are particularly enlightening. He discusses at length "The Social Foundations of Postwar Building"—and highly readable and provocative it is.

The author's criticism of what modern urbanization does to the personality of man is sound-and somewhat disturbing. The personality of the urban dweller is usually atrophied a great deal because of his surroundings. Mumford feels that surroundings make the man, an obvious fallacy. Nor is he on sound ground when he states that "intelligent people wisely prefer three children. . . ." Yet a few pages later he flays the moderns because they own ... dogs, not babies, because they are cheaper to maintain, easier to house, and more gratifying to the owner's unqualified vanity.'

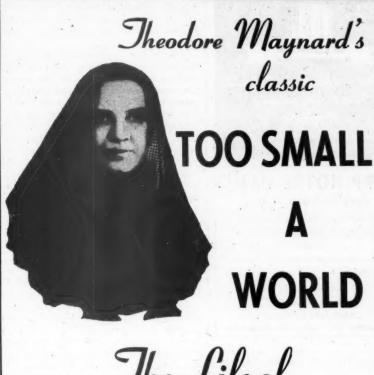
Despite some intellectual errors of that nature—serious and pivotal as they are—the book is required reading for political philosophy, civics, and for those seeking information from various sources. As a civic critic he is unique. As a moral philosopher, he is self-contradictory.

JOHN O'CONNOR

STRANGERS IN INDIA

184 pages. By Penderel Moon. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.00 This is an impartial and most illuminating book on the situation in India. Instead of the usual sweeping generalizations pro or con the British administration, inevitable conclusions are reached through a study of detail actually experienced by a British Civil Servant in the course of his duties. The book will repay careful study by any reader patient enough to follow the ins and outs of local murder trials, food problems, communal riots, and similar occurrences that occupy the District Officer's time and from which the larger implications gradually emerge.

The author was himself a Civil Servant in India who retired young. In a chapter on "Mercenaries or Missionaries" he shows how difficult it is for a thoughtful Englishman to reconcile himself to the contradictions of the present regime. Mr. Moon in no way minimizes Congress and other Indian limitations, and he sees the communal struggle as a fight for power between



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different sections of the middle class. Equally important, he shows that some of the most loudly voiced claims of British achievement in India lack sub-

The earlier administrators like Warren Hastings were against foisting English law on India. It has benefited only the moneylenders and landlords, and produced a corrupt bar and police. Equally unsuited to Indian custom and outlook is the parliamentary system. Unfortunately, the British now lack the energy and imagination to scrap it. While giving the paternal rule of the more enlightened princes its due, the author concludes, I think rightly, that democratic institutions should develop gradually out of village councils. Some of his worst fears for the future of an independent India should be resolved within a world organization.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES

ENJOYING THE NEW TESTAMENT

By Margaret T. Monro. 204 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. The popes of modern times have repeatedly urged the laity to read the Sacred Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Too frequently, however, the average Catholic has been deterred from Bible-reading by the imposing front of modern Biblical scholarship. News items about excavations, about discoveries of papyri fragments of the Sacred Text, about ancient codices and problems of textual criticism have bewildered the layman and left him with the impression that the Bible is the peculiar property of the Semitic scholar and the philologist. The smoke of a thousand disputes with Protestantism and rationalistic modernism has enveloped the Bible in a cloud of controversy and created in the mind of the average Catholic the suspicion that Bible-reading would be a dangerous adventure for a layman.

Miss Monro's book is a very effective antidote to this poisonous frame of mind. Enjoying The New Testament is not an "Introduction" in the accepted meaning of the term. There are no dryas-dust discussions of authenticity, integrity, etc. No (for the layman) wearisome defenses of the Catholic position. A Catholic writing for Catholic laypeople, Miss Monro takes as the point of departure for her excursion into the New Testament the Catholic doctrines of inspiration and inerrancy and the commonly accepted conclusions of Catholic Biblical scholars. "The great secret of reading the New Testament," ob-serves Miss Monro, "is to read it. This is not 'being funny.' It touches the nerve of our real difficulty, and our commonest mistake. The mistake is to think that we need to know a great deal before we begin, and the difficulty then is simply to begin." So she asks us to pick up our New Testament and begin reading the Acts of the Apostles. "And read it like a thriller . . . take it for your light reading this week, instead of whatever it was you thought of buying . . . It is full of exciting incident-prison, earthquake, shipwreck, false accusations, plots to murder, miracles, adventures up and down the road-a rattling good yarn if ever there was one. Read it simply for the story. Its author, St. Luke, is a prince of storytellers."

Miss Monro's arrangement is excellent. The Book of Acts is read first in order to put us in the proper frame of mind, to give us the locale of the New Testament. The reader is then guided through all the books of the New Testament in the order in which they were written. He thus relives in imagination the life of the early Church, following the development of the New Testament revelation step by step. In Miss Monro's plan the entire New Testament is to be read in twenty-one weeks. Knowing that this first taste of the surpassing food of the divine word will stimulate her reader's appetite, Miss Monro very wisely and considerately appends suggestions for further study. The book does not contain the text of the New Testament. It is an introduction to and a guide through the text; well-informed, chatty, and always interesting.

The Catholic layman who follows Miss Monro's itinerary will finish his excursion through the New Testament with a love and understanding of the inspired word of God and a firm determination to penetrate more deeply into this inexhaustible treasury of divine wisdom. In the opinion of this reviewer no book yet published in the English language so effectively implements the papal pleas for Bible-reading by the laity as does Miss Monro's modest work.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

THE LAMBS

By Katharine Anthony. 258 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$3.50 Although this book is a penetrating study of Charles Lamb, the English essayist, and his sister Mary, it is the character of Mary Lamb that is especially stressed. When in a moment of insanity Mary Lamb killed her mother, a tragic shadow was cast over Charles Lamb. Thereafter he devoted his life wholly to the tender care of his unfortunate sister.

Without discrediting the honor that literary tradition has accorded Lamb for this heroic service to his sister, Miss Anthony proves convincingly that for this generous sacrifice, Charles Lamb was compensated partially, perhaps adequately, by the favorable influence of

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Mary on his life and his literary success. A gracious hostess respected by her brother's friends, a talented writer, a woman of keen vision who, a hundred years ago, perceived fully the labor problems of the working woman and dared to exploit her convictions in her profound Essay on Needle Work-this was the real Mary Lamb.

For years Charles Lamb and his sister led a happy social life together. Their home was for a decade the scene of brilliant Wednesday soirées attended by many of the prominent literary persons of that day. The poet Coleridge, friend and confidant of Lamb; Dr. James Gilman, physician to Coleridge; Henry Crabb Robinson, biographer of Lamb; the Wordsworths, and the poet Southey were among the Lamb's friends and acquaintances. The author has drawn these characters in a vivid, intimate, and enduring manner and their spirit and presence permeate the narrative.

The problem of Mary Lamb's attacks of insanity, the manic-depressive type which recurred during her entire life, is treated by Miss Anthony in the light of modern psychiatry. This gives the reader a more intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the affliction.

The Lambs is an achievement in modern biography. It is scholarly yet written in a facile, enjoyable style. Katharine Anthony has added another notable success to her past accomplishments in the field of biography.

HELEN E. MANNIX

🖳 SHORT NOTICES 🕮 🖼

THE MAKING OF EUROPE. By Christopher Dawson. 317 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$5.00. This book was first published in 1932 and at that time was hailed as an invaluable contribution to the understanding of what have been so erroneously called the Dark Ages. As a matter of fact the darkness has been mostly in what has come to be known as the modern mind which has no conception of the birth and meaning of European culture and unity. The re-printing of Mr. Dawson's The Making of Europe comes when we are witnessing what may be the culminating efforts to destroy that unity and culture. Here is an indispensable book for those who wish to have more than a superficial knowledge of the meaning of Western culture.

ROLLING STONE. By Fred Stone. 246 pages. Whittlesey House. \$3.00 "The world has been good to me. I have been a happy man," is the last sentence in this book. That Fred Stone could say that after reviewing a long career which took him to the top in his profession is not due to his life's having been smooth and free of all anxiety. He came up the hard way and it was a long time before his place in the American theater was secure. Throughout he has adhered to his high ideals and has found his greatest joy in the decent things of life. This interesting autobiographical sketch gives us another reason to be grateful to a fine man who has been a credit to the American stage.

EUROPE NOW. By H. V. Kaltenborn. 187 pages. Didier. \$2.50. This report of observations during a five weeks tour of the European war fronts is lively and penetrating. It is not primarily devoted to military activities. Mr. Kaltenborn's chief interest is in political and economic trends and problems. In a brief space he does an excellent job of reporting and analyzing. Europe Now will help the reader have a better insight into the meaning of the news that will come from postwar Europe.

COCKS AND BULLS IN CARACAS. By Olga Briceno. 161 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.75. One chapter of this delightful book tells of the Venezuelan addiction to cock fights and bull fights. The author does not apologize for them either. The other chapters are devoted to letting us see Venezuelan life through the eyes of a native who acknowledges its defects but loves what is truly worthwhile. With a deft and charming informality Miss Briceno makes the reader share her understanding and succeeds in arousing a warm appreciation for her people and her country.

THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS. By G. K. Chesterton. 974 pages. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.00. Lovers of detective stories have long since taken the guileless, shrewd, and unpredictable Father Brown to their hearts. So has many another who feels no attraction for detectives at all. Father Brown just is that sort of person. Now for the first time all the stories ever written about this priestly sleuth are gathered in one volume for American readers.

SONNETS AND VERSE. By Hilaire Belloc. 203 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.00. Belloc, the poet, has been overshadowed in popular esteem by Belloc, the historian and controversialist. Make no mistake, however, about Belloc's being a fine poet. This volume of his verse will be a real treat to all who like poetry and cannot tolerate modern tricksters of thought and word who parade as poets.

REVIEWERS

OTTO BIRD, PH.D., is Professor of Philosophy at St. John's University, Brooklyn.
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REV. RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P., S.S.L., is Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, N.J.
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HELEN E. MANNIX, Ed.M., teaches English literature at Girls' Latin School, Boston.

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Fiction Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Scandal by Pedro Antonio Alarcón

This is the first English translation
of a deservedly famous Spanish novel
of the nineteenth century. Laid in
Madrid in 1861, it is largely devoted
to a long, involved rehearsal of his
scandalous past life by an elegant rake
who has, in distress of soul, come to
seek guidance from a wise Jesuit.

The young man is titled and wealthy: rank and money are rightfully his by inheritance, but he has come into them only by means of lies which now return to plague him. He is in danger of losing the woman he deeply loves, because the shameful past in which he gloried is being used for his ruin by a woman who hates him for refusing to try to seduce her. It is clear, from the foregoing, that the teeming narrative is full of irony. But the most striking irony lies in the divine view of, and judgment on human life which the discerning old priest communicates to the despondent young blade and which informs the dénouement, reached by a series of surprises. The story shows how men are caught in the nets of their own making, particularly of their own compromises and evasions, and can get free of the inescapable consequences only by wielding a sword of truth that has been tempered in suffering.

At once lively and profound, The Scandal carries the reader along on an unabating tide of interest, to plunge him at last into deeps of thought which he may previously have avoided. The translation is first rate, the unobtrusive notes are meaty, and the format is a delight.

(Knopf. \$2.50)

The House in Clewe Street by Mary Lavin

▶ This is a very long novel—529 pages of fine print. Loving care has obviously been lavished on its construction. It is unusually well written. But it comes to very little, if anything, in the last analysis, being like a vast and laboriously fashioned painting which lacks composition

Young Gabriel Galloway is the central figure. Brought up in a narrow, well-to-do Irish household in a small town by a masterful aunt, Gabriel leaves

respectability and wealth behind to go to Dublin and supposed freedom with Onny, a tinker's granddaughter. In Dublin he can find no work and is thrown into a Bohemian world. He sees the girl drifting away from him and, at the same time, appearing objectionable in ways he had not noticed before. When, after an abortion, she dies, he is torn between fleeing to the security of home and standing by Onny in death and facing an uncertain future.

Gabriel's story begins only after some 100 pages which provide his background and extend even to the youth of his grandfather. Like everything else in the book, this prologue is more than competently presented. But the pertinence of much of it is dubious. And that is the novel's capital fault throughoutit is loose, diffuse, at times so aimless as to suggest that the author has quite forgotten where she intended going. Moreover, for all the close attention given the comparatively few characters, they remain vague enough, and they surely do not grow. Set pieces, like the account of Theodore Coniffe's funeral. are skillfully brought off, but the major complaint remains: these half-a-thousand pages lack unity. (Little, Brown. \$3.00)

Commodore Hornblower by C. S. Forester

The admirable Hornblower, knighted, domesticated, and rusticating, is ill at ease as this latest chapter in his career opens. But he is soon called back to -active service. He is given command of a squadron which is to proceed to the Baltic to war on Napoleon's shipping and be ready to act in the desirable event that Russia and Sweden come into the war against the conqueror of Europe. Older, but essentially unchanged, Hornblower is pleased with his difficult assignment, with its diplomatic as well as military demands. His squadron has hardly upped anchor when action begins, to continue almost uninterruptedly until the fatal repulse suffered by Napoleon in Russia. Hornblower, it may surprise historians to know. had much to do with Czar Alexander's decision to fight Bonaparte, and he was, it seems, largely responsible for the defeat of the enemy forces headed for & Petersburg.

While plainly not the best of the entertaining and intelligently plotted Hornblower series, this is greatly superior to the run of adventure or historical novels. Mr. Forester is as much in command and as skillful in his use of his material as Hornblower is of his squadron. The parallels between the Napoleonic wars and those of Hitler are not neglected.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

Let Us Consider One Another by Josephine Lawrence

Invariable features of Josephine Lawrence's novels are (1) meticulous reporting of petty details of the think ing, speech, and habits of lower middle class Americans, and (2) exemplification (not solution) of some common situations troubling our society. Miss Lawrence's latest differs from its predeces sors only in the number of prickly problems which it packs into one fictional carton. Racial and religious prejudice is her chief concern here, but also touched on are the difficulties of army wives, of dependent but unwanted aged mothers, of lonely spinsters, of mothers who devour or neglect their young, of progressive education, of suburban sterility, of drunkenness and teetotalism, etc. The problems (enough to keep Mr. Anthony in a dither for six months) dwarf the people, and that is a serious flaw in a novel.

The principal characters are a lovely girl and a handsome young man who fall in love. She is a Catholic, with mostly Protestant relatives; he is the son of a Jewish father and a Protestant mother. Inevitably, the two are swamped with objections to their marrying and, later, encounter all manner of slights, rebuffs, insults to cloud their happiness Their marriage lasts. The girl explains that she goes to her husband's church and he goes to hers. Someone is always observing that there is but one God (true), and drawing from this the false conclusion that one religion is as good as another. This is like saying that there is one Treasury Department and that therefore each of us can set his own income-tax rate. Since Miss Lawrence's method is photographic rather than genuinely artistic, it is little wonder that her novel, while cluttered with realistic detail, seems to be without point or effect.

(Appleton-Century. \$2.75)

Now That April's There by Daisy Neumann

▶ There are the makings of an amusing, and perhaps illuminating, story in the effect of American ways on English children brought here during the blitz, and the trouble the youngsten

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cause and experience as they try to readjust themselves to their own homes and country. Miss Neumann, unfortunately, has made pedestrian use of a promising idea. Her account of the travails of Wincy and Angus Turner is siff and superficial.

The young Turners, returning to Oxford, long for their American foster home, find their parents stuffy, chafe under the restrictions laid on them, shock and puzzle everyone with their forwardness and their slang (painfully overworked for laughs in an unwitting demonstration of validity of the law of diminishing returns). Their parents are dismayed by the change for the worse which their stay in the United States has wrought in the children, and strive to undo the harm. But, though Wincy and Angus are, to some extent, de-Americanized, their father and mother are, to some extent Americanized. Thus, all four will have the best of two worlds. One fears that this patently forced novel will please neither the English nor the Americans. Certainly it will not please any reader at all discriminating. (Lippincott. \$2.50)

The Blue Danube by Ludwig

▶ The comic and tragic are almost incongruously blended in this fable, which is illustrated by the author's drawings in color and is offered at a very high price. A city on the Danube is tight in the grip of the Nazis. The party officials are an abominable lot, stupid and tyrannical. On a strange little island in the river lives a strange little familyan old man, his two ancient sisters, and their niece Leni. The island is strange because annually, in flood time, it disappears. The family is strange because, in the eyes of the bureaucracy, it does not exist. But this poor, defenseless, and officially nonexistent group torments the Nazis, for its members are independent, unregimented, and fail to conform to the thought patterns laid down for all subjects of the Fuehrer. Hence ways must be found of destroying them.

Mr. Bemelmans is evidently trying to tell us something about the Nazis and the Germans generally. Of the latter he says, indirectly, that they are amenable to any authority, even that which is iliegitimate and evil-a popular thesis today. But this portrait of the island family, un-Nazified, loyal to their religion, and capable of accepting a French prisoner as their equal and intimate, argues that not all Germans are bad. As for the Nazis, the mentality and conduct of the party functionaries in the book are typical of their kind and of the Nazi Reich as a whole.

(Viking. \$3.00)

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Gabriel Heatter

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You rang the bell again in your series on "Molders of Opinion" with the article by John O'Connor on Gabriel Heatter. 'The author's analysis of Heatter is fair and objective. It is only a personal opinion, but I would have liked a little less biographical data in favor of a more detailed appraisal of Heatter's opinions on various problems. Perhaps his opinions are not of great weight in themselves but, as the author brings-out, Heatter's dramatic voice and admirable diction give him an influence and a following equal to that of many much more important commentators.

Your series on "Molders of Opinion" has convinced me that there is little proportion between the intellectual background and training of many of our columnists and commentators and the vast influence they

WILLIAM G. FRASER

Chicago, Ill.

Strong Men of God

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It was a particular pleasure to read in your May issue the article "Strong Men of God," by Daniel A. Poling, an article which I see has been republished in the Reader's Digest. With so much bigotry and prejudice rampant in the country, it was refreshing to read in THE SIGN an article which gives due credit not only to our own chaplains but also to the heroic deeds and self-sacrifice of American chaplains of the Protestant and Jewish faiths. Surely the author is right when he concludes that "unless in peacetime we continue the equivalent of the harmony which men found in wartime, that harmony which is not uniformity but which gives us common ground and holds us together in support of a common cause, then we may discover that what we have won in the war was lost in the peace."

Today, when Christianity is being so violently attacked and persecuted, believers should find some common ground on which to defend themselves rather than dissipate their energies in petty bickerings and quar-

GEORGE MCCORMACK

New York City

"Brickbat Hurlers"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While I do not go along with you on your tariff viewpoint, I certainly do on your Russian viewpoint. Furthermore, you have little to worry as to the verbal "brickbats" hurled your way in view of the recent very patent examples of Joe's idea of how things should be accomplished. Maybe if some of these verbal "brickbat hurlers" would read David Dallin's The Real Soviet Russia, plus some of Chamberlin's books on Russia, and keep up with the news, their aim would be better. Also, what you say about freedom of the press is absolutely correct. Russia is not the only country where it is lacking. Sundry viewpoints expressed by the OWI could not be called exactly examples of "freedom of the press."

LEON V. ALMIRALL

Denver, Colo.

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The Sign Abroad

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many times I have been on the point of writing to tell you about the many compliments I have heard about THE SIGN. It is one of the few Catholic magazines which finds its way up here in Ghandi-land. The stray copies which do make their way over here are put to good use. Particularly so since there are a large number of American soldiers and a larger number of British Tommies over here who are anxious for good reading matter. Unfortunately the demand is greater than the supply.

Several days ago I received a letter from a young lad in Calcutta. I had taught him catechism during the past school year here in the Himalayas. Here's an extract from young Terence D'Costa's letter: "Father, if you have any pamphlets will you please send them to me. I promise to bring them up to you when I return to school. It's very difficult to get a good, clean magazine. Fortunately, I was able to find a few which I sent him. Among them was THE SIGN. Of course, I told him to pass them on to others in Calcutta for they will do much good there-much more than up here in the Himalayas where the reading public is limited. I wonder if some of your subscribers might give us a lift in meeting the demand for good, clean magazines. They can take it for granted that any such reading matter sent to

H. F. SCHMIDT, S.J. St. Mary's College, Kurseong D. H. Ry., India will be put to good service. Thanks.

Kurseong, India HUBERT SCHMIDT, S.J. EDITOR'S NOTE. We wish to call the attention of our readers to the information contained on the inside front cover of the

Words of Praise

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago I asked you to enter my subscription for THE SIGN. I was doing it, I am ashamed to say, superciliously, having, in my experience, a disrespect for Catholic periodicals. I thought I was just helping your missions when I sent my check. But it was unexpectedly auspicious for me.

In the first place, instead of a quick glance, as I expected to favor your magazine with, I put the five little Flanagans out to play and devoured THE SIGN avidly. It's what I have wanted for years, something I did not know existed. I'm recommending it highly to my friends, I'm proud to have it in my living room, I'm quoting its articles.

HELEN G. FLANAGAN

Squantum, Mass.

VOCATIONS

Young Ladies Interested in Religious Life are invited to write for interesting booklet on Re-ligious Vocation, published by The Sisters of the Love of Jesus, O.S.B., St. Mary's Priory, 270 Government St., Victoria, B.C., Canada.

Candidates seeking admission to the Novitiate are welcome. There is no age limit.

The Holy Family Fathers of ST. LOUIS, MO., 7900 CLAYTON RD. will accept graduates of elementary schools and men of character, even of advanced age, who desire to become Missionaries of the Holy Family. Missions at home and abroad. Please indicate your age and studies so far nursued so far pursued.

Address the Very Rev. Superior



FELLOWS, give your country a BEST" service!

Train boys and young men to be God-fearing citizens. Only such make and keep a country "GOOD!"

Brothers of the Sacred Heart specialize in this service!

High School Graduates, High School Students, Eighth Grade Students,

This is YOUR OPPORTUNITY (up to age of 23)

If sincerely interested in being a Religious Brother WRITE TO

Reverend Brother Recruiter Brothers of the Sacred Heart METUCHEN, New Jersey

The Franciscan Fathers of the Third Order Regular of Saint Francis now offer special advantages and opportunities to boys over fourteen years of age, who wish to study for the Priesthood. For information, write to Rev. Father Superior, T.O.R., 1300 Newton Street, N.E., Washington 17, D.C.

Missionary Brothers of the Sacred Heart FRANCISCAN devote themselves to caring for the sick and needy. Young men between the ages of 18 and 35, who desire to consecrate their life to God in this service, are in-vited to correspond with

Rev. Brother Superior St. Joseph Monastery Eureka, Missouri

They Also Serve.

VOCATION to the Brotherhood, as to the Priesthood, is a grace from God. One who has the right intention of dedicating his life to the Divine Master by the vows of religion, might well ask himself whether God is offering him this grace.

Any applicant who is interested in becoming a Passionist Brother is requested to write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial, C. P. 5700 No. Harlem Avenue Chicago, III.

BOYS WANTED

THE FRANCISCAN CONVENTUAL FATHERS Welcome zealous Boys anxious to devote their lives as Franciscan preachers, pastors, teachers, writers, home and foreign missionaries. Free booklet upon request. Write to:

Very Rev. Father Provincial 812 N. Salina St. Syracuse, New York

The Hospitaller Brothers

of St. John of God

The Hospitaller Brothers, founded by St. John of God in Spain in 1537, have, during all these years without instrruption, administered to the sick and poor, both at home and on the Missions.

Bellighous Life, to be of very valuable service to the Church and society, because this Religious Order embraces every form of Catholic Action, Further particulars may be obtained from the Superior Provincial, at the Monastery and Novitiate of St. John of God, 2025. West Adams Boulevard, Telephone—Los Angeles 7, California.

MOST HOLY TRINITY FATHERS

offer to young Men and Boys the opportu-nity to study for the Order. Lack of Funds no impediment. Candidates for the religious lay-brotherhood also accepted.

For further information write to

Very Rev. Father Provincial, O.SS.T. Sacred Heart Monastery, Park Heights Avenue Pikesville, (Baltimore-8), Maryland

Christ's Medical Corps Needs Recruits

THE ALEXIAN BROTHERS serve as a medical unit in Christ's Army of Religious. Detailed to conduct hospitals for men and boys, the Brothers, through silent example and active charity, give spiritual aid to souls.

Young men of courage will find the fulfilment of their vocational ideal in the life of an Alexian Brother. Recruits eager to participate in this great work of mercy are LEXIAN BROTHERS NOVITIATE urged to communicate with the _____ 13 James Blvd. Signal Mountain, Tenn. 108 James Blvd. Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Jesuit Brothers

Men over 18, who do not wish to become priests but feel called to Religious life and are willing to work as members of the Society of Jesus, are invited to write to Father John A. Hughes, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York 58, N. Y. Please give age, education, and reason for requesting information. Jesuit Brothers do not study or teach. They help in temporal concerns in the colleges or on the foreign missions.

DO YOU WISH TO BECOME A PRIEST?

We welcome to our Society sealous young men anxious to devote their lives a Salvatorian Frients to the discation of the laity and of aspirants to the priesthood; to the cause of the Catholic Press, etc.

Graduates of the slementary school, and such as have had some or complete high school or college, or are advanced in years, are welcome to correspond immediately. Advanced students but deficient in Latin credits receive special courses, if you are too poor to bay the receive special courses, if you are too poor to bay the standard of special benefactors.

Such as have had six years of Latin enter the novitiate immediately. No charges, write to the address below indicating age and extent of education.

FATHER PROVINCIAL, SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE SAVIOR SALVATORIAN SEMINARY

SALVATORIAN LAY BROTHER?

If you do not feel yourself called to the holy riesthood, and yet wish to consecrate yourself o God, then the Brotherhood is the vocation o choose.

If you know a trade, offer it to God. If you have no trade, we shall teach you one. Our Lay-Brothers are co-aposties with our priests. There are no fees. Write to the address below for our booklet, "The Salvatorian Brother."



Dear Members, On May the first I started a Novena of Masses for benefactors of our Missionaries. The May Novena is the first in a series of twelve Novenas of Masses to be offered on the first nine days of each month during the coming year. I am including the members of our Christmas Club for Christ in these twelve Novenas. You are faithful friends of our Missionaries in China, and I feel that the best way I can express my appreciation for your kindness is to remember your intentions at the altar. Bishop O'Gara has sent an urgent request for special prayers for his Missionaries. Our Missions lie directly in the path of a powerful Japanese drive in Western Hunan. The safety of our Sisters and priests has been provided for, but there is danger of serious losses in our mission establishments. I wish you would all be mindful of the Bishop's intentions, particularly during June, the month of the Sacred Heart. Keep up your splendid work with the mite boxes. Only persistence can make pennyassistance really worth-. while.

God bless you. Sincerely,

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Fix Emmanuel C.P.

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Precision Bombing

I have read THE SIGN for over a year and find it an excellent magazine of contemporary Catholic thought and opinion. This is the first time I have been impelled to write in disagreement with an opinion in the "Current Fact and Comment" columns. I refer to "Footnote to Precision Bombing." You remark that scarcely a protest has been heard regarding several instances of general, indiscriminate bombings of German cities. In the first place, it is bound to happen sometimes, and furthermore, I feel that it is one way of reminding the German people as a whole of their own barbarous tactics. There is quite a difference between our methods, which are intended as retributive justice, and the vicious, malevolent intentions which the Germans have so purposely and calculatedly planned and executed throughout Europe. Even now when they know they are militarily defeated, the horrible actions, including starvation, murder, and mutilation, that they engaged in within a few hours of our armies' overtaking their concentration camps are now being viewed and photographed for all the world to see, in order to give the lie to the German wailers who will have the brazer effrontery to deny these facts as being "propaganda of the enemy."

No, I can't express any sorrow for the Germans who have allowed themselves to be led by false prophets for many years. I dislike seeing any Catholic publication taking their part, lest it be misinterpreted by the critics of the Church as being pro-fascist. Bear in mind that Pope Pius XII has recently stated that "justice is stern." Let's practice that until our enemies admit their sins. As Catholics, we are taught that our redemption depends upon true sorrow for our sins as individuals. It seems only a logical extension of that doctrine as applied to nations. We must differentiate between right and wrong, regardless of whoever may be involved. That is sound teaching; let's practice it!

WILFRID T. KELLY

Merrick, L.I., N.Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to express my admiration of your courageous comments appearing in the April issue of THE SIGN on Precision Bombing, on the Yalta Conference, and on the Baltic States.

Together with the demolition of cities, the moral sense of right and wrong has also been demolished. Moral indignation is impossible in a situation in which principles of right and wrong are no longer made the yardstick of judgment.

(Most Rev.) ALOISIUS J. MUENCH, D.D. Bishop of Fargo, N.D.

Pleasure and Information Editors of The Sign:

Your May issue has given me even more pleasure and information than previous issues.

The article by Raïssa Maritain on her parents' conversion is touching and beautiful and we Catholics are proud to have with us Jacques and Raïssa Maritain.

"The Man Behind the Mike" by John Jay Daly about Msgr. Fulton Sheen strikes me as being a little too gay in its treatment of him but having watched and listened to Msgr. Sheen I know it is difficult not to permit some of his infectious humor to creep into any article about him.

The "Molders of Opinion" series is particularly valuable in these times when important events are taking place daily and when so much of the opinion of the general public is colored by opinions expressed by radio commentators. I have clipped and saved each of the previous articles and frequently re-read them.

MURIEL M. DEVOE

Bayside, N. Y.

"Molders of Opinion"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

This is to second the motion of Miss Mary C. Boyle that the "Molders of Opinion" series of articles be published in permanent form. Miss Boyle suggested a "pamphlet" but I believe she means a book, Certainly such a book would have a wide sale, not only among us of the journalism fraternity, but throughout the country, I believe.

In the newspaper "plant" where I work my copy of THE SIGN is always in demand. and I know of several professional writers who have expressed admiration for the magazine and subscribed to it after an introduction through the "Molders of Opinion" series.

John Jay Daly's recent brilliant article on Paul Mallon was outstanding, according to the comment heard among professional writers here in the nation's capital, and I sincerely hope you will continue the series and give us more in a similar vein.

ROY G. BLANCK

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Washington, D. C.

Used Copies

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Our remailing room has had numerous appeals of late from various army camps throughout the state for old copies of THE Sign. We receive but few copies of this magazine from our contributors. Would you please print the following appeal in your 'Letters" column?

Readers of The Sign:

One shows his appreciation for his Catholic Faith when he desires to share it with others. Your copy of THE SIGN may help a neighbor out of the darkness of error into the light of truth. Is there a greater way for you to prove your love for Christ than this? Put your copy of the magazine to work for him-send it to us to be placed in the army Camps to help combat the paganism of modern literature.

THE REMAILING COMMITTEE St. John's Seminary,

Little Rock, Ark.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is wel-comed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

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Mass for the Bridegroom and Bride

Beginning of Mass, page 27. INTROIT - Tobias 7

AY the God of Israel join you together: and may He be with you, Who was merciful to two only children: and now, O Lord, make them bless Thee more fully. Ps. Blessed are all they that fear the Lord, that walk in His ways. Glory be, etc.

Kyrie, see page 32.

PRAYER

RACIOUSLY hear us, Almighty and Merciful God, that that which is performed by our ministry, may be fulfilled in Thy blessing. Through, etc.

EPISTLE • **Ephesians** 5

RETHREN, let wives be subject to their husbands as to the Lord; because a husband is head of the wife, just as Christ is head of the Church, being himself savior of the body. But just as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered himself up for her, that he might sanctify her, cleansing her in the bath of

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"Let's Go!" says YOUNG CHINA.

This young man is going places. There is determination in his step, and in the grip of his fist, Personality plus is in his smile: the plus sign of the extraordinary courage that has carried him through almost eight years of terrible war; the plus sign of the dreams of an awakened nation, conscious for the first time in four thousand years of its place amongst the great powers of the world.

There is a question in the young man's smile, as though he were asking:

"DO YOU WANT TO COME ALONG?"

Catholic America's answer is clear in the account of Bishop O'Gara's recent meeting with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek (see page 603).

The Passionist Missionaries in China are on the job. They are striving to add to the personality of Young China a factor without which no personality is complete: the plus sign of The Cross.



Please send an offering to:
THE PASSIONIST CHINESE MISSIONS
The Sign Union City, N.J.

